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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 10, 1898. NUMBER 11

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ACCORDANCE.

He who with bold and skillful hand sweeps o'er
The organ keys of some cathedral pile,
Flooding with music, vault and nave and aisle,
Though on his ear falls but a thunderous roar,—
In the composer's lofty motive free,
Knows well that all that temple vast and dim
Thrills to its base with anthem, psalm, and hymn
True to the changeless laws of harmony.
So he who on these changing chords of life,
With firm, sweet touch plays the Great Master's score
Of truth, and love, and duty, evermore,
Knows too that far beyond this roar and strife,
Though he may never hear, in the true time
These notes must all accord in symphonies sublime.

ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.

Chicago.

Announcements.

The Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies in Chicago.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall. N. D. Hills, minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 844 Burling Street. Pastor, Rev. Robert Jardine, D.Sc. Morning services 10:45; Sunday School, 12:15 P. M.; Meeting of Y. P. C. U., 7:30 P. M.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan Avenue and 23d Street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren Avenue and Robey Street. T. B. Gregory, Minister.

INDEPENDENT LIBERAL CHURCH, Martin's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View. Preaching by Rev. J. H. Acton.

ISAIAH TEMPLE (Jewish), Oakland Club Hall, Ellis Avenue and 39th Street. Joseph Stolz, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION. (Jewish), Indiana Avenue and 33d Street. M. Perez Jacobson, Minister.

MEMORIAL CHAPEL (Unitarian), corner Fifty-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue. Rev. W. W. Fenn preaches Sunday afternoons at 4 and evenings at 7:45.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johonnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theatre, Madison Street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH (Universalist), Sheridan Avenue and 64th Street. Suuday services 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Sunday School 9:30 A. M.; Young People's Christian Union, 7 P. M. Devotional Meeting, Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Rev. Frederick W. Millar, Minister, residence, 6325 Monroe Avenue.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana Avenue and 21st Street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, Steinway Hall. W. M. Salter, Lecturer.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie Avenue and 28th Street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart Avenue and 65th Street. R. A. White, Minister.

TEMPLE ISRAEL, Memorial Baptist Church, Oakwood Boulevard. I. S. Moses, Minister.

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A Beautiful Birthday, Gift and Holiday Book.

The Publishers of the NEW UNITY have just issued a beautiful book, very suitable as a Birthday or Holiday present. The critics of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* and *Chronicle*, who have seen the first copies from the press, thus describe it:

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"Flowers of Grasses"—Verses by Juniata Stafford. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers. This charming little volume, daintily printed and bound in soft birchbark cover, brings to us the sweet breath of field and meadow. And the verses which it contains fitly add to the pleasant impression given by the outward form of the little book. They tell of nature and nature's beauties, of soft airs and rippling brooks, and they do more, for they show to us the lessons which the beautiful things of God's creation have for every one of us. In this, even more than in her smooth and rippling lines, do we read this writer's title clear to the name of true poet. For the heaven-confered mission of the poet is to interpret nature and life for the help and instruction of mankind, since most of us, our sight uncleared by heavenward glances, cannot read the divine message. As a specimen of Miss Stafford's graceful versification we quote two stanzas from her wreath of "Birthday Verses," one for each month in the year, a charming idea:

March.

All the brown twigs are stirring within;
Winter has surely gone past!
Wrappings of tree-buds are stretching quite thin—
Springtime is nearing at last!
Color and gladness are coming this way—
Listen, dear heart, while I sing!
Here is my gift 10r your beautiful day;
Love and the heralds of spring.

October.

Gentian, in this restful place,
In this quiet hour,
Speaking with a holy grace
Word of sky and flower,
I will bear you in my hand
As a birthday token;
Help my friend to understand
Love and peace have spoken.

A Book of Thoughtful Verses.

[Chicago Chronicle.]

"Flowers of Grasses" is the fanciful title given to a small collection of verses by Juniata Stafford, a lady of Chicago, pleasantly known in periodical literature. Some of the collection are occasional verses, and carry the stamp of such, but others are of more general nature, and in each of these there is always some germ of thought that is clearly, often very felicitously worked out. The "Song of the Weeds" enforces a wholesome and suggestive lesson of the usefulness often, perhaps always, subserved by even the humblest and apparently most useless things, and it is musically embodied in flowing verse.

Much of the verse is cast in well-used forms, but much of it also is molded into unusual metrical forms, some of them very daintily and musically handled. The sentiment of all alike is finely feminine and refined.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price, 75 cents.

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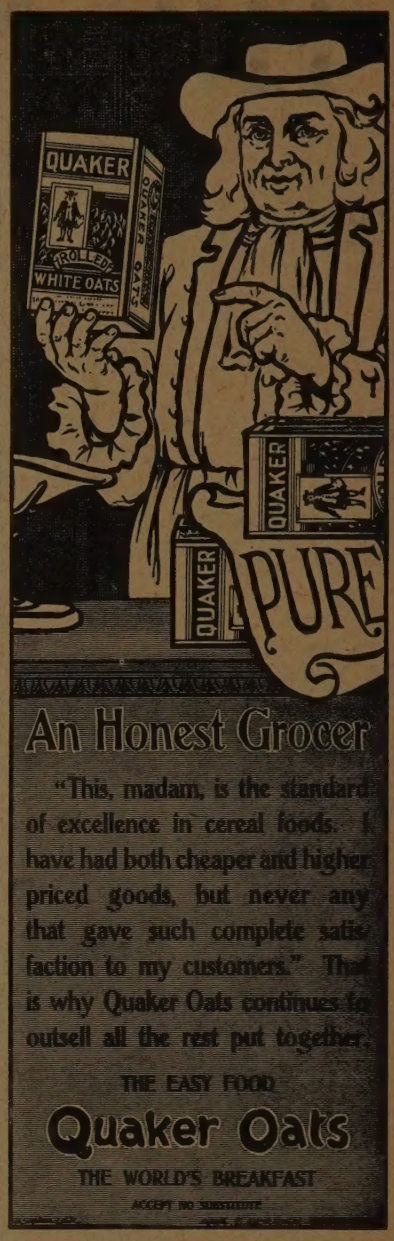
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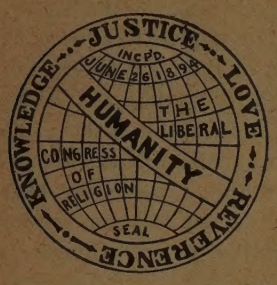
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1898. NUMBER 11.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

The darkening streets about me lie,
The shame, the fret, the squalid jars;
But swallows' wings go flashing by,
And in the puddles there are stars.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

The signature to the poem on the front cover of our issue of October 13th, should have read "Marie Harrold Garrison" rather than "Marie Marold Garrison" as the types perversely put it.

Not only religion but science is a cure for despair and an antidote for pessimism. President David Starr Jordan spoke for Doctor Mackey of All Saints Church on the Congress Sunday at Omaha, and *Church and Home*, the parish paper, contains an abstract of his discourse which was "A Study of Pessimism and its Antidote." He said "Pessimism, whether resulting from speculative philosophy, personal failure or diseased nerves, can never be wrought into the true spirit of life. The twin functions which science advances in explanation of the purpose of human life, are love and action. As man carries out these appointed functions, loving and acting, so will his mind and body be healthy and fruitful."

Last week we gave an estimate of the Omaha Congress by its president, Doctor H. W. Thomas of Chicago. This week we print the estimate of vice president, Doctor E. G. Hirsch. His communication is all the more interesting because it was made to his own editorial constituency, the readers of the *Reform Advocate*. Doctor Hirsch transmits the message of the Congress as we hope all those who were present did as a direct duty and opportunity to those whom they addressed. He does not in this communication speak of the duties of the orthodox, the Unitarians, the Universalists or Independents, but he shows the Jews their opportunity. And in interesting corroboration of the claim of the Congress there is scarcely a sentence in the editorial of the *Reform Advocate* that is not applicable to an editorial in the columns of the NEW UNITY. Substitute either one of the above words for the word "Jew" and the message is equally timely.

When Rudyard Kipling saw in a concert hall in the city of Buffalo two young men inducing two young girls to drink, and then lead them reeling down a dark street, he felt the logic of the situation in a way we wonder why more moralists and statesmen do not. We find ourselves in entire sympathy with this marvelously endowed poet. In his American notes he says:

"Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a Prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow-row-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at the back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said, 'There is no harm in it, taken moderately;' and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary."

The American Institute of Sacred Literature whose post office address is Hyde Park, Chicago, Illinois, is doing something extensive in the way of a professional reading course. It announces that two hundred ministers are already at work. These ministers reach all phases of protestantism from the Cumberland Presbyterians to the Unitarians. The following courses are now ready:

(1) The Historical and Literary Origin of the Pentateuch; (2) The Old Testament Prophecy; (3) The Origin and Growth of the Hebrew Psalter; (4) The Life of the Christ; (5) The Apostolic Age; (6) The Problems Connected with the Gospel of John; (7) Christianity and Social Problems; (8) The Preparation of Sermons.

An average number of eight books has been placed upon each course. In the choice of these books every member of the Council of Seventy was invited to participate, and as a result forty distinct lists were sent, aggregating two hundred different books.

These lists were submitted to a committee, and under certain necessary conditions those books having the most votes were chosen. The lists therefore represent the composite decision of a

body of seventy practical teachers of the Bible and kindred subjects in our leading Universities and Seminaries.

Except for payment of the annual membership fee, no restrictions are imposed upon those entering the Guild, either in time limit, choice of subject, report, etc. A carefully prepared review of each book is provided the reader.

We begin in this issue the publication of a postal card symposium concerning the Omaha Congress. We believe the testimony will be of great interest to our readers. These postal cards come from people once more widely scattered in space and in thought. Their testimony on this account amounts to a demonstration of what has been all along doubted by the defenders of sectarianism, reluctant champions of schism, viz., that it is possible to combine openness of thought with earnestness of purpose, that there is an enthusiasm in liberty and that the fellowship of a purpose is more joyous than an attempted fellowship based upon an intellectual conclusion. These witnesses point to the most timely truth, that ethical earnestness, spiritual vision and religious joy in their highest expression, is possible on no other ground.

What Next?

By this time our readers will see that the Omaha Congress was a working one. It meant business, it recognized the tasks ahead and without flinching girded itself to these tasks. It is too soon to discuss the next annual meeting, its program and place. Meanwhile there are nearer tasks at hand to which we can apply ourselves at once. Three definite tasks were intrusted to us by the Omaha Congress, and it is easier to take them up now than later. Prompt beginnings will lead to successful culminations.

1. The raising of the thirty-five hundred dollars planned for. We trust the state and other committees will apply themselves at once to their tasks. There is scarcely a northern state but what could easily do what Iowa and Illinois have undertaken to do—raise five hundred dollars each to the funds of the Congress this year. If the Congress could only secure the co-operation of its interested friends, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, New York and the others which have within their boundaries at least one man or woman accustomed to put their money to high uses, who would consecrate one hundred dollars to this work in the interest of a broader and truer fellowship. There are at least four others who would make themselves life members at twenty-five dollars apiece and at least ten societies, churches, woman's clubs, study classes, sunday schools, etc., etc., who will contribute the ten dollars each necessary to give them a delegate membership in the Congress; and twenty people at least within each of these states who will be proud and happy to make themselves annual members at the rate of five dollars each. Is not this an easy task? The Omaha Congress left much of the details of this work of solicitation to the States. No names were mentioned on committees without consultation. The readers of the NEW UNITY are our natural allies. We call for volunteers. Who will help in this work? The Secretay of the Congress solicits correspondence. All necessary expenses in the way of postage and the printing that may be undertaken by any of the sub-committees will be gladly refunded by the general Congress. Our constituency is of the widest, including Jew and Gentile, appealing to clergy and laity, the church and the unchurched, the scholar and the worker, employer and employee.

2. The state congresses must do a large part of the educative work. However necessary the general Congress may be to inspire the workers and to give national tone and coherency to the work, but comparatively few can reach it. The general public must be reached and public sentiment be created by more local meetings and organizations. Correspondence at this office shows that plans are already being laid for Iowa, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and New York. Winter is the most favorable time for these local organizations. The officers of the general Congress stand ready to aid in every way possible these state organizations and correspondence is solicited.

3. The Omaha Congress gave to NEW UNITY a new lift. Its supporters have taken new hold and a fresh courage. The action of the Congress has made its life more sure. At the center we hope to prove this by early improvements in the paper. And so we confidently ask for a fresh push on the part of our readers. We ought to have two thousand names added to our subscription list before the next meeting of the general Congress in October, 1899. We cannot set expensive and extensive machinery at work to bring this about. We can have no "agents in the field" except those who love and prize the NEW UNITY. Every subscriber is hereby invited to become a special agent. It would seem to be an easy thing for each of our present subscribers to add one more name. Some can and will make the unit ten instead of one. Will you help? Let us pull together and work as one in this cause that unites.

Tolstoi leaves all practical matters relating to his publications to his wife. She supervises the printing, attends to the correspondence, and reads the proofs. She has brought out two complete editions of his works, one in a sumptuous form, the other a cheap edition for the public. Their text is identical, but the edition de luxe has a number of portraits of the author, some of which cannot be obtained elsewhere.—Friend's Intelligencer and Journal.

The Liberal Congress of Religion at Omaha.

The fifth annual session of the Liberal Congress of Religion at Omaha last week marks for the organization another milepost along the upward road to increased influence and clearer insight into its opportunities. We are sure that this impression is shared by all who participated in one way or another as leaders or as listeners in the meetings. Once more has the Congress demonstrated its right to exist and its ability to maintain the high position assumed from the outset. Of all the movements that sprang from the loins of the Parliament of Religions, convened in connection with the Columbian Fair at Chicago, the Liberal Congress is the only one to survive the uncertainties of the first year. This circumstance is more than a result of the good management and the prudent foresight of the officers. While it must be said that the general secretary, Mr. Jones, has been the devoted nurse without whose unremitting watchfulness the child could not have pulled through the troubles incidental to infancy, it is equally patent that without inherent vitality the movement would have defeated even such signal and enthusiastic care as was that bestowed on it by Mr. Jones. The Congress fills a place in the religious economy of this day and country. Deny this who will. The proof of the pudding lies in the eating. This homely wisdom vindicates the Congress. It verifies the claim of its original progenitors that the cause represents and expresses ambitions which thinking and religiously minded men have come to regard and to know as among the most important factors of the higher life both of the individual and of society.

It goes without saying that from the beginning to the conclusion, the discussions and deliberations of the Congress at Omaha were characterized by breadth of sympathy and depth of thought and intensity of earnestness. This trinity of grace was to be expected where men and women gathered under the consecration of a high purpose and spoke out of the warmth of cherished convictions. But it is not superfluous to call attention to the fact that by virtue of this tone and temper, the Congress has earned the right to demand that it be not confounded with the ordinary run of liberal assemblies. As a rule current liberalism is no more than intoxication of phraseology. It spends its initial velocity in the assurance of its own generosity. Its stock of proprietary preparations is very limited. While it lacks the art of a Paganini, it imitates this master's enforced method. Its violin has only one string and across this it draws with wearisome and self-complacent iteration its weak bow. That all men are equal, that the day for inquisitorial brutality is past, that even the Jew or the negro are men for all that, these and similar inanities exhaust the cheap supply of words wherewith it conjures. At its best it is animated by a hankering after a new patent concoction to be brewed from the ingredients of Judaism, Christianity and Buddhism and colored with a dash of scientific terminology which must be taken in spoon-doses at stated intervals and always well shaken before use. Declamation, if not defamation, is its supreme trick.

The most gratifying feature of this year's Congress was the absence of everything that even in the slightest smacked of this preoccupation of ordinary "liberalism" as the term is usually misinterpreted. The flashlights of empty pyrotechnics paled to total extinction before the flame of earnest thought and serious purpose. No attempt was made to hide positive convictions or to make light of fundamental differences. The Christian did not mince his words to make them palatable to the Jew nor did the Jew conceal or trim down the positive trend of his Judaism with a view to tickling the Christian co-member. The atmosphere of the meetings was altogether unpropitious to the puerile indulgences in pointless assurances that the Congress had outgrown the barbarism of the dark ages. Orthodoxy and heterodoxy were problems clearly outside the range of interest. There was more urgent work to do than to revamp the catch-phrases of fish-blooded liberalism. These were left where they belong—to the nurseries, to both Jewish and non-Jewish congregations that still have to learn the very alphabet of liberal thinking. If these must have their pastime, the Congress was willing that they should indulge therein. If these enjoyed the empty declamations of their preachers or rabbis about "humanity" or "Judaism pure and simple," it was not for the Congress either to say them nay or yea. And again, the Congress made good its title to name itself liberal. Its spirit showed that the men and women who constituted its ranks had, if they ever were affected with the virus of viper-blooded liberalism, thrown off the venom. Construction, not destruction, under the solemn duty which the search for truth imposes, was the liberating ambition of the Congress.

For this reason, we for our part were somewhat disappointed that the Jewish contingent was not more numerously represented. We could understand the disinclination of thoroughly earnest Jews to participate in the movement if it implied the abandonment of our own religious associations and historical obligations. But it does not. It is not a Quixotic venture to found a new sect. Quite to the contrary; if the Congress recognizes one thing it does the potency of historical impulses and forces. The Congress is not an invitation open or covert to the Jew to come out of the synagogue. As we understand it, it is an appeal to him with the greatest earnestness to grow into the solemn realities and obligations which the synagogue symbolizes and lays near the mind and heart of its loyal sons.

Again there would be not merely cogent excuse, but direct provocation for the withdrawal of the Jew and his absence, did the Congress manifest the least patience with pseudo-liberalism. Self-respect, indeed, will forbid the Jew to play the passive function of a peg whereon others shall display their show-liberalism. There is not one Jew, whatever his degree of culture or his station, but is too good to proffer his services as the exceptional Jew who is graciously permitted to be enrolled in order to demonstrate to the world the inclusive breadth of the movement. This species of hypocrisy is by none more sturdily resented than it is by the members of the Congress. Not the least symptom of this galling condescension may be

diagnosed in the tendencies and temperament of the organization. The Jew is asked to join the movement not in spite of his Judaism, but in consequence thereof. He is a member, not by virtue of a concession graciously made, but in the enjoyment of well-recognized right.

Why many of the best and most scholarly among us should entertain a suspicion of, and should hesitate to lend their co-operation to the work, is not difficult to explain. He who has with an attentive eye studied the current of our own synagogual life will remember that a certain kind of would-be liberalism has been altogether too much in evidence among us. Its influence has been pernicious.

Our pulpits have rung with the meaningless phrases of rootless humanitarianism and cosmopolitanism undoubtedly to the taste of admiring congregations, but sadly out of rhyme with the revelations to come to us from the discoveries in the field of comparative religion, psychology and history. Rationalism is by no means the last word on religion or Bible. The forces that make for religion and morality have always been misjudged by rationalism. Harangues against Talmudism, appeals to return to the simpler and purer Judaism of the fathers, long expositions of the right to doubt and equally pithless iterations of deistic shibboleths, may serve the one prime purpose of our sadly degenerate congregational life, attract vast hordes of unthinking, self-complacent auditors, but they demonstrate a sad lack of proper scholastic and philosophical training for the high office of the teacher and an absolute misapprehension of his function in our age.

Nor is parade display of familiarity with the terminology of biology a proof that he who wastes the hour in this vain manner has been touched to speech by the live coal from the altar of modern thought. "Rationalism" is as clearly a fossil of former epochs as is blind belief. The foundations of the new religious philosophy rest on the hard pan of psychology, individual and national. The cant of liberalism is as insipid as is the unction of illiberalism. And of this cant our modern synagogue has a surfeit. Did the Congress tend to encourage this distemper it would not only commend itself to the sympathies of the thinking Jewish scholar, but justly expose itself to his impatient refusal to give its pretentions a hearing. But the Congress, as its work in Omaha proves, is as alive to the fact that the rosary of rationalism is only a curiosity worthy of the interest of the archæologist or the student of mental abberrations.

We Jews can least afford to ignore the Congress. Its constructive hope is clearly along the lines of our own prophetic, messianic mission. In the crisis, both spiritual and moral, intellectual and social, which the world is now facing, we believe the Jew can only to his own risk refrain from speaking out his historic word of appeal. Anti-Semitism is not a disease, but the symptom that disruption of old supports of life and faith is rapidly progressing among men. This view is amply substantiated by the analogies of history. The liberal congress furnishes the Jew a platform and a form of propaganda the like of which he never before had within honorable reach. The men of he Congress have now in ever-increasing measure the ear of the best minds and the noblest souls of our people. It will become, as the years lengthen, the rallying point for all who will strive for a nobler re-constitution of human life in all of its phases, on the basis of justice and love. It does give battle to prejudice and superstition. Believing as we do that our religion, as expounded by the prophets, has one great sacrament, justice, and that the God of whom it teaches is the God of justice, whose service is service in behalf of man and all men, we should be always the first and the most enthusiastic to lend our strength and our inspiration rooting in our martyr past and uplifted by the vision of social and universal peace to be in the latter days, to the efforts of men who, like the members of this congress, under whatever name they may come and from whatever church they may hail have clearly the consecration of the same passion for righteousness as called the man of Tekoah away from his sycamores or ushered Isaiah into the presence of the thrice holy God.

But whether the Jews arise to this, both their obligation and their opportunity, or continue, while declaiming about their mission and messianic destiny, to refuse to do their share in these truly prophetic labors, the Congress will live. It will go on carrying its message to ready ears and winning to its higher view of life ever-increasing numbers. The sessions at Omaha are a new pledge in the links of solemn responsibilities, that the work will not and cannot fail.

—Emil G. Hirsch in the *Reform Advocate.*

The Omaha Congress.

A POSTAL CARD SYMPOSIUM.

Rev. H. H. Peabody, Pastor of Baptist Church, Rome, New York:

The Omaha Congress met fairly its object. It did not aim at one and hit another. The unreserve of the speakers was refreshing to one accustomed to assemblies where caution restrained the utterance. I expected that religiously the Congress would be free, though surprised at the vigor with which it so freely discussed those war issues over which, for months past, disagreement has involved hazard to our social peace. At this point the Congress bore the toleration test nobly. The lack of discussion of the papers was the greatest weakness. Perhaps if orthodoxy had been present in more aggressive accents the supreme test of the liberals' sweetness would have been applied. Doubtless the Congress would have borne well even this.

Rev. J. W. Frizzell, Pastor of Congregational Church, Eau Claire, Wis.:

The Omaha Congress was a revelation, an inspiration and a prophesy. It reveals an impulse and a struggle to find a remedy for the evils of an over-divided Christianity and humanity. The love and good fellowship manifested by the different elements of the Congress was an inspiration to go forward in the search for a wider and deeper fellowship and a broader Catholicity. It is a prophecy of a larger emphasis on what is essential to manhood and character. I think the Congress is a forward movement and may be the pioneer of a larger being, a richer nature and a diviner life in the human race.

Rev. T. J. Mackay, Rector of All Saints Church, Omaha, Nebraska:

The Liberal Congress of Religion which met in this city last week was the most successful in point of number and enthusiasm of any of the many Congresses which have met in our city this summer. The atmosphere of the Congress was most delightful —not a discordant note jarred upon the ear from first to last. It was like a love feast of old friends where each resolved to give of his best for the enjoyment good of all. There was nothing said by any speaker that could not have been said at any of our own Church Congresses, in fact we have read more radical utterances in reports of the Church Congresses in this country and in England. The welcome extended to the visiting brethren was said to be the most cordial ever received in any city, and called forth the hearty thanks of the Congress. It was an experience long to be remembered with pleasure by those who participated in it and heard the splendid addresses delivered by the distinguished speakers from abroad.

Rev. J. H. Palmer, Pastor of Universalist Church, Cedar Rapids, Ia.:

My impressions regarding the Omaha meeting are altogether favorable. The fraternal spirit everywhere manifested was large and generous, while the desire to find practical solutions for the various problems presented was a marked feature of the gathering. Spiritually, it left nothing to be desired, and it was a rare time of soul communing and aspiration. It was a glorious occasion, but I am assured that it is only the forerunner of occasions more glorious that are yet to be. The greatest thing about it was its prophecy of things still greater.

Mrs. Ida S. Foord, Delegate from All Souls Church, Chicago.

The message and keynote of the Omaha Congress to me was "Love," "Love thy neighbor." The training school for that love a sociological one. The senior class in that school, students in religion. The pupils must be religious. To attend the Congress was living on a higher plane for a week. An inspiration to work for justice in this world where so little of it is practiced.

Thomas Kilpatrick, Chairman of the Local Committee, Omaha, Neb.:

The Congress was a great success. First in its attendance—large, attentive, interested. Second in its speakers—scholarly, forcible, reverent. It will tend to put our liberal Omaha churches where they ought to be in the eyes of the public.

Rev. Newton M. Mann, Minister of Unity Church, Omaha, Neb.:

The meetings were on the whole highly satisfactory. Some of the utterances seemed to me of exceptional excellence. If now and then I found myself disposed to note a speaker dull or his conclusions erroneous I bethought myself that others might be thinking the same of the ones I liked best, and held my tongue. The harmonious sessions proved that there is such a thing as fellowship on other basis than coincidence of belief. Not the least gratifying feature to the local committee was the good attendance.

E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y.:

The Congress was prominent for a Catholic sentiment, and for papers of strong, generous helpfulness. There was no twaddle—all went to a point. Notable also was the fact that the majority of the papers were by members of orthodox churches.

N. P. Gilman, Professor of Sociology in the Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Pa.:

The recent Omaha Congress welcomed to that city by leading Episcopal Methodist clergymen, together with the Jewish rabbi and the Unitarian minister, showed in its papers and discussions how easy it is for earnest and catholic-minded men to consider great religious questions in a spirit of good will and pure desire for truth. The Congress will discharge a most salutary office if here and there throughout the country it erects its banners now and again to rally the friends of simple truth and humanity in religion. Sectarianism steadily loses ground and the logical attraction is seen in such Congresses.

Mrs. Mary F. Strong, Delegate from the Peoples Church, Chicago:

It was my great privilege to be present at the fifth annual meeting of the "Liberal Congress of Religion" held in Omaha last week, and it is with feelings of gratitude that I note the growing interest that is manifest at these annual gatherings. As the purpose of this progressive movement becomes more fully understood the prejudices that appeared to some extent in the beginning is fast being supplanted by a wholesome toleration of not actual commendation, by those whose early religious training caused them to look with suspicion upon what they feared might prove a stumbling block in the Christian life. With this change in sentiment the hopeful signs of unity and brotherly love are everywhere apparent, and as we cordially extend the right hand of fellowship to all those who perchance may differ from us in their faith and understanding. Let us not forget that we are all striving to promote the one great cause, and let us hope that all may have a just conception and appreciation of the magnitude of the great work that lies before us.

The Common Weal.

On labor rests the hope of man,
All human weal and human worth;—
On toil the splendid mission lies,
In nature's plan,
To make this earth
For human kind a paradise.

The day will come in time's great course
When all the wealth of sea and land
To toil shall be forever free;—
When each resource
In nature's hand
Shall serve to banish poverty.

The day will come when none shall find
The all of life in grinding task;
When want no more shall tyrannize
O'er heart and mind;
Nor toil shall ask
The very soul in sacrifice.

In that glad day it shall befall
That in his beams the circling sun
Shall one great commonwealth reveal;
While, "One for all
And all for one."
Men vie to serve the common weal.

—*Edward B. Payne.*

The days are made on a loom whereof the warp and woof are past and future time.—*Emerson.*

The Omaha Congress.

"I DREAM'D
THAT STONE BY STONE I REAR'D A SACRED FANE,
A TEMPLE, NEITHER PAGOD, MOSQUE, NOR CHURCH,
BUT LOFTIER, SIMPLER, ALWAYS OPEN-DOOR'D
TO EVERY BREATH FROM HEAVEN, AND TRUTH AND PEACE
AND LOVE AND JUSTICE CAME AND DWELT THEREIN."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19.—MORNING SESSION.

9:30 a. m. Dr. Thomas, Chairman: I will ask you all to rise and join with Rev. Dr. Peabody of Rome, N. Y., in the Lord's Prayer.

Dr. Thomas: Dr. Hirsch cannot be with us all the time and as he is one of our Vice-Presidents, I will ask him to preside this morning.

Dr. Hirsch: Is there any business to come before the house, Mr. Secretary?

Mr. Jones: The plan for this morning is to get acquainted, to get under way. I wish, Mr. Chairman, you could get a few brief responses from the delegates that are present from widely separated parts of our country, officially or non-officially, and in that way get in touch the one with the other. Mr. Chairman, I am looking at the present time, into the faces of representatives from Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Meadville, Pa.; Clinton, N. Y.; Rome, N. Y.; Humboldt, Ia.; Chicago, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Greeley, Colo.; Iowa City, Ia.; Sioux City, Ia.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Champaign, Ill.; Ida Grove, Ia., and how many more places I do not know. Omaha, of course, is in evidence. Now, Mr. Chairman, can you not get a little response out of these people? What are they here for? Perhaps some have brought official messages. Now is the time to deliver them.

Dr. Hirsch: We shall be very glad to hear these official or non-official messages. It is quite fashionable now in America to call for volunteers, so I call for volunteers. Mr. Jones, you call them out; you are the living dynamo.

Mr. Jones: Let us hear from Rome, N. Y.

Mr. Peabody: Friends, certainly glad am I to come in from out of the solitary individuality of a railway ride into this social glow. This Christian greeting is worth a journey across the country. I am anticipating a deal of pleasure in the words to which I will listen with both ears. I come with kindly intent, with a tolerant spirit and with a liberal mind. This Congress I hope will meet my dream, for I have a dream, not a prophecy, but a dream. I hope that here I shall be given great hope and great cheer.

Mr. Jones: Mr. Fish of Colorado Springs.

Mr. Fish: I am here to get inspiration. From our isolated position we feel like taking advantage of any opportunity to meet those from other parts of the country who are able to give us the fellowship and the word of hope and cheer and encouragement that we very much need. I have been for almost a year without any such opportunity and it seemed that this Liberal Congress gave promise of giving greater interest and a larger encouragement and inspiration to our hope than any meeting that was likely to be held within our reach for a good many years. As the object of our addresses this morning is to give a sort of confession of faith and give a reason for our presence here, I am full of hope to carry away a great deal.

Mr. Jones: We are not all preachers here. Professor Henderson has come all the way from Brooklyn. I think we would like a preliminary word from him.

Mr. Henderson: Thank you very much for the invitation. I think I ought to accept very briefly. Mr. Jones wrote me that in the wealth of all that was to be given here this week I must be careful not to speak more than thirty minutes, but I find that I will talk about forty or forty-five minutes this evening, so I will not trespass on your time this morning. My own work is that of a teacher, and the deeper I go into the educational problem the more surely I find that that problem is only a part of the larger social problem which confronts every earnest man and woman here. If we do not know the direction in which we want society to move we are in a very poor condition to educate our children. I am here, Mr. Chairman and friends, because I am looking for myself very earnestly and for others very earnestly for the right direction in which we ought to move socially and educationally. I come to express my own hope and my own thought in that direction and to hear from others; and I come in the very large hope that my own social views, my real practical sociology of life shall be strengthened by the good words spoken here during this Congress. I want to express to you my cordial appreciation of your invitation and the pleasure it gives me to be with you.

Dr. Hirsch: I would like to hear a little from the stronger sex; we have heard so far only from the weaker. Will the women delegates like to confess?

Miss Collson of Ida Grove, Ia.: I came to listen and to receive inspiration from those who are in the broader work so that I may take home to my little modest work something new, something to quicken them to continue in the earnest spirit with which they have undertaken their work.

Mr. Jones: Mrs. Strong of Chicago represents that "stronger" element. We would like to hear from her.

Mrs. Strong: As Chicago is already much in evidence I very much prefer to hear from some of the others. I feel that it is a rare privilege to be here.

Mr. Jones: Last night we were disappointed, very much disappointed, that for the best of reasons two of our local friends who meant to speak a word to us were kept away. They are both here this morning. I think we might as well turn them on now. I am sure we have a right to hear from Dr. McQuoid and I hope Mr. Mackay's throat will permit him also to speak.

Dr. Hirsch: Dr. McQuoid, please come forward. I take great pleasure in introducing to you Dr. McQuoid, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this city.

Dr. McQuoid: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have no speech to make, but I take very great pleasure in heartily welcoming you to our city and rejoice very greatly in your work. We Methodists claim to be a very broad and liberal minded people. We join with the Unitarians in singing their grand old hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee." There is a significant fact connected with the life of John Wesley that lately came to my knowledge. John Wesley, in the latter days of his life, became intimately acquainted and very friendly with a Unitarian clergyman in London. He wrote his life in detail, and distributed it among his workers and preachers, commending it to their attention, asking them to pay it close heed, to study it carefully, stating that he doubted not that they would find in the kingdom of heaven this Unitarian

clergyman. Well, now, we Methodists are taught to hate the Catholics and I am afraid that some of us have been taught to look with great suspicion upon our Unitarian friends, but it seems to me that this spirit is largely passing away, and while we hold to our own distinctive Methodist doctrines at the same time we clasp glad hands with every man and woman who is laboring to advance the interests of humanity. And so I bid you welcome.

Mr. Mackay: Mr. Chairman and Friends: I was very sorry that I could not be with you last night, for I have been looking forward with the greatest anticipation to the feast of good things you were to bring. But last night the weakest part of my anatomy was attacked by the northwest wind and my bronchial tubes succumbed and I had to stay at home. This I regretted also because I had a sort of suspicion some might say "Mr. Mackay had backed down and was afraid to be seen," and if there is anything I hate it is that. I never want to be thought a coward of the truth. I welcome you as truth-bringers. I never fear to accept the truth. If the devil himself brought me some truth I should thank his satanic majesty very graciously. And I know you have not come here bringing your own petty ideas. You know how Naaman, the great Syrian general, after he had been to the prophet Elisha, brought away his two mule loads of soil so that he might worship the God of Palestine while he was on Syrian territory by erecting his little altar. Now I know you have not brought your two mule loads' burden of earth here, and I hope you stand on the great soil of God's truth and that you are going to give us some of God's truth, for God is truth and you cannot give us too much of God. I welcome you most heartily. I only wish I had more voice to welcome you and I wish we could keep you here so as to leaven the spirit that is rapidly growing in this and all other cities of the United States. I believe we are coming to the time when we have all got to set our minds to the solution of the problem and what I hope you are going to do is to help us to see the direction, as this brother from Brooklyn has been telling us, that we are going in. There is something radically wrong and we want you to show us the direction we ought to sail in. The whole thing has got to be changed. We have got to come back to the Sermon on the Mount or else we have got to go to smash.

Dr. Hirsch: We know now that the throat is the weakest part of Dr. Mackay's anatomy. His heart is strong and his brain is exceedingly strong. We are glad to have heard him. I am told Mr. Powell is here from Clinton, N. Y. We would like to hear from him.

Mr. Powell: I spent all day yesterday in trying to convert a Scotch Presbyterian. The result is my throat is a little sore this morning. To come here and talk after hearing what I have just heard from an Episcopal clergyman is almost superfluous. Those of us who can date back our radicalism and liberalism to when we stood alone thirty or forty years ago, know what this means. I feel as though he had put his arms right around me and said, stand up, let me help you. We have not come here to-day and we are not going to spend one hour of this week in saying one unpleasant thing to each other. I have learned that it does not do any good. We had to fight at one time or we could not breathe. Now we have breathing room, plenty of air for all of us, and when we meet together we meet as brothers, and this fraternity is fully signified by what we have heard this morning. But let me tell you that the great change is not to come by those who have worked in the churches. The great change is coming through the schools, colleges and universities of America. Pratt Institute is represented here to-day. I wish all the others were represented. I would like to attend a conference where schools, colleges and universities alone were represented. The great future of America, the great future of this world has got to come through the more progressive system of education. But, my friends, I am not going to make a speech. I have been talking all over the East. I am a Democrat and Republican. I have to talk to Democrat and Republican. I am a great deal like "Pat" and "Mike." Pat fell into a well and Mike leaned over and said: "Pat, are you dead?" and Pat sings back, "No, Mike, I ain't dead; I am spachless."

Mr. Jones: Mr. Calthrop of Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Calthrop: I am very glad to meet my brothers. I always used to say that I am of the holy Catholic Church, and if any dear brother, Methodist, Episcopalian, Catholic, Jewish, wishes or feels constrained by his thought to bar me out, I will serve him out by putting him in. And so we all feel akin to all that is best, all that has been best thought, spoken, done, felt, hoped and aspired to in the world. That is the office of true criticism, to refuse the evil and to choose the good. And when we have put down all false pretenses, our final aim will be to detect that which is noblest in all literature, that which is highest in all poetry, that which is inspiring in all music, that which is golden in all life. And that is our object to-day.

Mr. Jones: Mr. Chairman, Mr. Van Vechten of Cedar Rapids represents the laity. He ought to be heard.

Mr. Van Vechten: I dislike to be called upon because I do not speak on my feet and what I have to say, if I said anything, would not interest this audience very much. I can say, however, that I came here to listen and get what inspiration I could towards that right way of traveling socially and intellectually, of which our brother spoke only a little time ago. It is a good ways ahead, this millennium which Dr. Hirsch told us about last night, though he did not speak of the millennium but of the right kind of thing. He spoke of what we need. It will be a good while before we get all of it, but we shall get a piece of it, and this meeting will help us in that direction. I am glad to be here.

Dr. Hirsch: We should like to hear from all of you, but the time is short. These Congress unities illustrate the reverse of Pat's wish to be buried in a Jewish graveyard. When Pat was asked why he had that desire he said, "It would be the last place the devil would look for me." It seems we are all at home wherever we are. We should like to have more expressions of this home feeling, but the time is up, and Mr. Jones will now give us "The Problems of the Congress."

Mr. Jones: I have tried very hard to keep all personal element out of this paper, but somehow, notwithstanding the eliminations and the desire to direct the discussion to most practical ends, I find a large portion of the paper, already very brief, is rendered useless, first by the magnificent way in which the propositions were fully stated last night, which I have only hinted at, and secondly in the way you have

demonstrated this morning the problems which I only state.

THE PROBLEMS OF THE CONGRESS.

BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY, JENKIN LLOYD JONES, OF CHICAGO.

Before discussing the Problems of the Congress there is great temptation to stop and discuss the "Congress Problem," for there still lurks in many minds the prior question, Why a Congress at all? Even minds committed to hospitality in religious thinking and pledged to open fellowship still doubt whether the Congress has or can further these higher ideals. But I will not stop to discuss this prior question. For my present purposes I take it for granted and ask you to believe that this assumption is not gratuitous on my part, but that it is a growing conviction based upon five years of continuous application to the problem in hand. Since the first of June I have written over five hundred personal letters to perhaps four hundred different people, most of them ministers, in active work, all of them in one way or another representing the ministry of thought and character. Those not working in the pulpit are working in the schoolroom or with the pen. My correspondence ranged through all the creeds of Christendom and to representatives of most of the great faiths of the world. But very few of my letters failed to bring forth response and in no instance do I remember a discourteous word or a dogmatic rebuff. When, as of course would be the case in the majority of my correspondence, direct co-operation with or a personal attendance upon this Congress was impossible, the "no" always came with regret and in many cases with such a tender touch of fellowship, such a yearning for a better day and such an assurance of co-operation farther on as to give your Secretary at least an ever increasing faith that not only the day of theological antagonism, but also the day of theological analysis and ecclesiastical division has passed or is passing and that the day of synthesis, the coming together, the working together, the loving together is coming. The old line between orthodoxy and heresy is becoming vague, unreal, deceptive. The keenest sympathy and in many cases the most prompt response and the most generous help came to the Congress from those who were supposed to represent if not narrowness, consecrated exclusiveness and definite ecclesiastical bounds.

The experience of this Congress during the five years of its existence, and the correspondence of your Secretary give little warrant to the assumption that this hunger for unity is either born out of or contributes to a "mush of concession" or intellectual confusion. The unity this Congress stands for and is making for, aye, the tendency to unity, which made the Congress and which demands its continuance is as far removed from indifference, intellectual torpidity or spiritual apathy as is the east from the west. They have nothing in common. The suspended judgment, the mental modesty, the ethical anxiety that comes to the soul as it begins to realize that the lines of thought and sympathy were not absolute and not permanent, has in it nothing in common with complacency, indifference or indolence only hard thinking and clear philosophy makes the claim of this Congress imperative and its mission inspiring. The Congress problem is simply the problem of this age of combinations, co-operations and unifications. In all the lower departments of lifethe activities of trade and commerce, competition is giving way to combination. The tremendous advantages in point of economy, efficiency and safety that wait upon the combinations of the commercial and industrial world proves that they have come to stay. The question of sociology to-day, I take it, is not how to break these combinations, but how to so utilize, direct and make effective the combinations that they will not defeat their own end but secure the greater good to all the parties concerned. We cannot keep this problem out of religion if we would. Competition among the sects is already beginning to be disreputable. The religious segmentation of our communities, little and big, where religious segregation is needed has become the scandal of all concerned, the reproach of the churches, the paralysis of the pulpit, the death of intellectual and spiritual life. If I read the signs of the times aright the Congress is itself a symptom of the times, a hint of the needs of to-day, a straw which shows the direction of the current.

During the five years that mark the life of this Congress most of the ungracious criticism has died. It has more successfully interpreted the spirit that called it into being and the work there is for it to do than any of its founders have been able to formulate in words. There are few now who predict its death or defeat on the score of its demerits. There are thousands who predict its defeat or doubt its practical usefulness on the score of its high merits. There are plenty of those who withhold their support, apologize for their own lack of sympathy or venture to predict an early death for this Congress on the score of its being too early in the day for it. We are told on every hand that it is "too good to live. Its ideal is too high to be realized, that the day of union will come, that such co-operation is very desirable, farther on, but things are not now ready for it. At the present time we must attend to the narrower ideal, take lower aim and work for more tangible though less permanent results."

This hasty and inadequate statement of the "Congress Problem" lands me at the first problem of the Congress which I desire to lay before you, the problem of persuading men and women that the world is now ripe for the best thing there is in it. No ideal is too high, no dream too celestial for religion to lay hold of. The ministers of religion, if they have any justification at all, are set apart by the consecrations of history to declare the impossibilities, to preach the impracticable, to lay hold of the far off, and it is the mission of the church, all churches, in all times and all faiths, to prove by co-operation the possibility of the "impossible," the practicality of the "impractical," the near need of the far off ideal. Allied to this is the task of the Congress to prove that from beginning to end its dream is constructive and not destructive. Its interpretation of fellowship would not interfere with the spiritual environment, intellectual or ecclesiastical, of any worker or thinker. Ours is not a propaganda from the without, assailing the walls of the denominations and the historic faiths, but it is the propaganda from the within, enlarging the boundaries, ennobling the walls, expanding the spirit where it is. In every way that it is given us to work in the printed page, by the voice, by the spirit, it may inspire in the pulpit and the press and in the individual lives of men and women. We seek to broaden by deepen-

ing the life. It seeks to make efficient the religious life of the community, the nation and the world, not by encouraging emigration out of one fold into another, though that work must go on in accordance to laws respected but not interfered with by the Congress, but by the cultivation of the plot of ground given, by the ennobling of the task in hand. The Congress, as I understand it, would make the Jew more true to his prophetic inheritance, would help the Methodist to be more worthy of the high inheritance of Wesley and Whitfield, partake more of their spirit and to lead as they led. It says to the Presbyterian ennoble instead of degrade the traditions of Calvin, be what Calvin would have been had he lived in your time and been permitted to see and feel what you may see and feel. The Congress would fain look upon Catholic, Buddhist, Mohammedan and Parsi not as material to be transformed into some theoretic universal religion farther on, but as possessing now in their present faith and exemplifying now in their own lives, in so far as they are true to their own pretense and inspiration, representatives of the universal faith that now is, elements in the great church of man and God that to-day encircles the globe, representatives of that church of good will, the religion of law and of love that to-day is here and to-morrow will here be more fully realized.

This, then, is the prime problem of the Congress, not to create a new fellowship but to emphasize, expand and incorporate a fellowship that already exists. It is ours to vindicate orthodoxy as profoundly true in so far as it represents the real consolations and inspirations of life, the sincere convictions of any soul, the subterranean river of sacred inheritance that ever and anon pushes upward through loyal and loving souls as wells of living water giving eternal life. It is ours not only to make heresy tolerable but legitimate so far as it represents the honest gropings of the human heart, the courageous acceptance of the results of science and the lessons of history. It is ours to ameliorate the harshness of the dogmatic spirit, the cruelty of sectarian prejudices and to mitigate the imbecilities of denominational rivalries and competition; to encourage wherever possible the fusion of weak churches into a single church that will have strength enough to be of some service in the world, and where possible, particularly in smaller towns, to unite the dismembered and unchurched elements by neighborhood rather than by doctrinal bonds, in a church of the people, by the people and for the people, that will be at the Father's business seven days in the week and twelve months in the year.

In order to realize this, we are confronted by two or three immediate practical problems, the first of which is a financial one. Simple as is our work we cannot do it without some funds. Prophetic as we believe it to be, this is a work that will not be done except as somebody does it. We want a constituency, that seeing the opportunity, will assume the responsibility. This far the finances that have been absolutely necessary have been forthcoming without much trouble, but not without much anxiety and solicitation on the part of the few that ought to be left free to do the other work. A minimum of $1,500 a year for several years to come will enable the Congress to go on, proving its mission, finding its work and discovering its constituency.

Aside from the direct support already alluded to, there is another care and another necessity ever pressing at the center of this Congress. The printing press is the cheapest propaganda. The Congress would never have been started, could not have existed this long and cannot be perpetuated without the paper which gave itself for better or for worse to this cause. For this the primal inspiration which first called it into being the New Unity did abandon all other more local and more fractional constituencies except in so far as it could retain them for this more inclusive, and, as it seemed to the owners and managers of that paper, more imperative interests. In return for this work the Congress has assumed no obligation and has eased but little of the strain.

I present the claims of the New Unity this morning with no sense of shame, although I might wish this task might be done by another. When I remember the number of would-be liberal journals, non-sectarian religious papers that have died from too much excellence, that have gone to their grave because they were too good to live during the twenty years of its life. In it over a score of ventures in this direction have found their Nirvana a humble but unconscious continuity. To-day it is the only weekly paper that I can think of in all this country committed at once to religion and freedom, to unsectarian interpretations of religion without partiality to denominations or obligation to sect or creed unless we consider the Outlook and the Independent to be such, neither of which, so far as I have noticed, have deigned to notice this Congress or any of its purposes or interests, not even the circular letter signed by the five orthodox members of our directory to the liberal minds within that fellowship.

I have little heart and less skill in urging upon you the need of doing something to help sustain this publication which could easily be self-sustaining if we lowered our standards, lied a little about our circulation, debauched our advertising columns with patent medicines and other quackery.

It is useless even to tell you that unless something is done to reinforce those who are already carrying more than they can, that the whole venture must stop, for when such statements are made, and they never come except out of extreme anxiety and after the strain that is too much to bear, we are only met with the complacent smile born out of a sympathetic but ignorant confidence that New Unity will not die. "Jones will keep it agoing somehow." And so after such cruel but well meaning confidence and costly compliment those who have fed upon it for years, who wait upon it for strength and in many ways for guidance and inspiration, turn complacently to what they call "the obligations that are nearer at home," "the more pressing demands of their own neighborhood, their own church and their own denomination." Does the spirit bound itself with geographical lines? What are home needs and home pressures? What is home, anyhow, and what are its essential equipments?

I, who speak reluctantly of this matter, must speak as little as possible, but, dear friends, this twenty-year strain cannot always be carried on one pair of shoulders and some day it will appear that it should not be so carried. The plea of poverty and preoccupation will not always suffice at the bar of individual consciences, and perhaps there is a bar now where these pleas are challenged. The resources are ample if we

could but reach them. Our limited constituency is strong enough to make the burden at least bearable to all if we could only apply the principles of copartnership and co-operation already referred to. But here again the need is but little. A minimum sum of twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year to increase the subsidy of about the same amount already carried by the few friends, who by virtue of their nearness to the editor, rather than their superior ability, have shared the editor's perplexity, would make things plain and easy.

How this is to be done I leave to you to decide. That it can be done and might be done it is not for this constituency to doubt one moment. The Rev. Heber Newton of New York, our Episcopal Vice-President, is willing to pledge his own constituency for one-sixth of the amount of both the funds for current expenses and the publication fund, that is, he will be one of six or their equivalents to undertake to raise $250 a year for each of these funds, i. e., $500 for both of them, and with a clerical vehemence that is refreshing, he adds in his letter: "It is an everlasting shame if such a modest amount is not forthcoming without any worry to the Secretary or the editor."

A last problem which the directory lays before this Congress is the question of the next place of meeting. Year by year we have been purposely gathering strength in order to go eastward. There was a tacit understanding at our last meeting in Nashville that after Omaha, we would go east. Our friends in New York were waiting for the times to ripen, but a State Congress for New York has been under consideration for so long and preliminary arrangements are so far pushed that our friends in this state think we had better let them try the local congress first. Doctor Newton again writes concerning this problem: "I feel that it would be a good thing for the Congress to come East. I think we need it more perhaps in the East than in the West. Things are more open in the West. * * * My advice would be to dare the large thing as a venture of faith and strike for New York or Boston where the larger papers would give our word wider circulation." Col. Higginson, another of our Vice-Presidents, thinks that it would be well for the Congress to hold its next session in connection with the meetings of the Free Religious Association in Boston anniversary week, May next. We await your wisdom and ask for discussions and suggestion.

Problems or no problems, solutions or no solutions, I believe in the Congress. Your Secretary would leave with you, if he could, the sense of a vast opportunity, of a great call, a crying need, to refuse to believe in any of which would be a calamity to high causes and treasonable in us. The only things in this world worth doing are the hard things. The greatest possibilities of God rest in the would-be impossibilities of man. Let the unparalleled triumph of Omaha realized on yonder Exposition grounds, demand, inspire and secure its necessary complement and natural climax in an outcome of this Congress that will be worthy of the cause that brings us here and adequate to the tasks that await us.

DISCUSSION.

Dr. Thomas: Mr. Chairman, it was not my intention to say anything here at this hour, but there seems to be an inspiration in this meeting that should forbid any one remaining silent. There is a strange impressiveness in this hour. It makes us all feel and confess this is a world of effects as well as of causes. We not only act but we are acted upon. Whilst truth springs up from the earth, righteousness looks down from the heavens. Thus events come, things somehow have a way of appearing without our seeking them, without our calling for them directly. So it has been all along through history, impressively so of the history of this country. Some of us lived through the long years of political agitation, we saw the slavery question coming more and more to the foreground. There was no way to prevent it. It came; it had to come. So has come our war with Spain. We have had it on hand in some form or another for fifty years. It had to come. And so in this time and spirit there has been coming a wonderful change in religious feeling, and somehow the Parliament of Religions came. The conditions arose under which it was possible. No one looked ahead and planned for it. The conditions arose and there were minds and hearts to work with those conditions and the wonderful Parliament of Religions came. A number of minds in Chicago and elsewhere had for years been feeling and planning a little along with their feeling that there should be something of this kind, something like this Liberal Congress. The time had not come, there was no way seemingly to bring it into being, but in this wonderful thing of life, in the growing world, the time came and then the Congress came. Its life has been so brief that you all know its history, the trials (if we can call them such), the successes that it has had, the wonderful support that has come to it from many directions. I have thought and felt here this morning how much this little assembly means. We are here with one accord. Like the disciples waiting in that little upper room, like the gatherings of serious, great spirits in all ages, we are here with one accord. We feel that the problems of life are greater than ourselves. Life is becoming so wonderfully large and things are coming so near to us, and somehow the feeling is all over this country, as has been expressed here by more than one, that we are nearing great events. We are approaching a crisis, a judgment of human affairs, and it is in this spirit that we are here this morning, waiting before the Father in heaven, waiting for more light, longing for more life, for it is to be the life that is to create more and more this Congress. It cannot be a mechanism alone. It must have its commercial side, but it is the life. Judaism has lived because it is instinct with the life of God. The prophets breathed and felt that life; that was early Christianity, that was the miracle of its power—God with men. Now this Congress. Suppose it had not come—but in my judgment it had to come, like a great many other things. Harriet Beecher Stowe had a way of saying, "What ought to happen will happen." The great things that come are here because they ought to come, indeed because they have to come. There was all over this country a life waiting to be incarnated, words waiting to be spoken, deeds to be done. We feel the thrill of life in this Congress when we come together with one accord. These minds and hearts living in the same spirit—and there are a thousand and ten thousand times as many as there are of us here this morning, who feel this touch and thrill, and they feel it the more distinctively because it has been born, and while they hardly know how much it means, what it is going to do, they say, here it is, a Liberal Congress of Re-

ligion, an organization looking to this work, trying to give it expression, a movement, and that is what this larger spirit is calling for that is brooding over the world, calling for expression, organization. If we knew to-day the seeds that have been planted, the roots that are growing, the flowers and the fruits that are waiting to bloom and ripen, we would stand amazed.

Now this Congress was born not to die, but to live, and born to live because it expresses the highest life of our day. It is breathed into and fed from the life of the infinite and I trust the great baptism of life will come to us here more and more. We felt it last night when Dr. Hirsch spoke and when we sang "Nearer My God to Thee, E'en Though it be a Cross that Raiseth Me." And that spirit is here this morning. We want to open our hearts to it and we want to bring to this work our best judgment and our profoundest consecration.

It ought not to be an insurmountable task to keep one small newspaper going. It will not prove such. We should try to make that paper a little more instinct with the life of our movement. Not one in ten of the independent churches (or hardly that) are represented here. We have been out in the field of the universal and in a sense we have neglected the particular. We want to make this paper, as the organ of the Congress, more a family paper, a home paper. There is no danger of its losing its high literary spirit, no danger of its falling away from the inspiration of the universal, but there is a great deal of work needed to unify and knit us together as a family.

Where we shall meet next year I can not say. We are sure to meet somewhere. If nowhere else we will go to Dr. Hirsch's church; there is where we were born. And so we are here for this delightful session, already one in spirit, and we will go forward with the work.

Mr. Ferring of Washta, Ia.: I wish to emphasize one thought in that paper, and that is this, that the world is ripe for this work. I have heard it taught in different ministerial associations and among different ministers. I heard it said here this morning that it was in the very air. What we want is to have it in every individual heart. If the ministers here could but carry to their congregations this spirit of fellowship, this spirit of unity, this spirit of real vital Christianity, as Christ put it, of brotherly love. I am not here as a representative minister but as a representative layman. We have a little liberal organization out there in Iowa, not able to hire a minister all the time; sometimes I go and speak to them while I neglect my farm. I have invited a Methodist and Congregational minister to speak before that society, but they declined. If I was within reach of Omaha I believe the man that grasped the hand of Dr. Thomas as he went upon the platform this morning might come and speak to that liberal society. I hope so. I was in the church and listened to the sermon preached by Dr. Thomas before the Rock River Methodist Conference, and the Conference held a closed session three days after and would not allow me to attend. In that sermon of Dr. Thomas, he said: "We are in the midst of a thinking age. Young men and young women are coming to me and to you and propounding questions. What are you going to do with them? You say ignore them? They will not be ignored but answered in the light of reason."

Mr. Powell: I would like to ask whether it is the purpose of the Secretary that we discuss these finance questions now or is there a time set apart to thoroughly discuss them? Do you want action this morning?

Mr. Jones: I hoped to present the question without suggestion and without in any way indicating the course of the Congress. I thought probably there would be some discussion this morning. The Board of Directors have a business meeting this afternoon at half past two. They, profiting by the discussion, might come to some conclusion as to the next thing to do and the way to do it, to be presented at some future session of the Congress, but the Secretary does not desire to direct the course, only to secure the discussion and action. I hope Mr. Powell will regard himself as one of those to whom the initiative belongs. We will follow his lead.

Mr. Powell: I think it is a matter we have not always placed before the Congress just as advisedly as possible, for it is a very vital matter. It is money that "makes the mare go," and it is money that is going to make New Unity go and keep this Congress agoing. And I know but two methods by which we can do it. One would be of course to share the necessities between us in an honorable, manly and womanly fashion. But there is another way. There is such a thing as interesting millionaires. I do not know as it is advisable. * * * We have got to get at somebody who will give us a good substantial foundation. * * * Now, my dear friends, you and I have got to "shell out." We have got to, in some way, get at this. Our Secretary is not going to live always. You know just as well as I that this is a shiftless way to leave things—everything hanging on one life, on the life of even a Welshman. He has got nine lives to our one, but after all, nine lives will come to an end, and we have got to get this thing on a permanent foundation. But let us follow his direction. Perhaps it has got to come before the Board.

(Mr. Powell's motion adopted—referred to Board. Resolution already printed.)

Dr. Hirsch: I think the plan advised by Mr. Powell is judicious. * * * There is no doubt in my mind that Mr. Powell stated very pithily, I might say pathetically, the situation as it presents itself not merely to Christianity (I know but little about that) but also to the circles in which I move. Here is the opportunity of this Congress. The Congress to my understanding has no higher mission than to bring the people at large to a realization of the vitality and essentiality of religion in daily, social, economic and individual life. The saddest feature of the synagogue today is this—not that the people object to what we preach, but that they are indifferent to what we preach. Now that is the situation among the Jews, and I suppose they are not worse and are not better than other people are. The Jew, in fact, is gifted with a large proportion of talent for imitation. If you want to know what kind of a civilization prevails, look to the Jews of that country. The Russian Jew illustrates what Russian Christianity means and the American Jew illustrates the tendency prevailing in American life.

Now here is the opportunity of the Congress—to arouse people to take a stand, a positive stand. We must not allow this Congress to fade away into thin air. Something practical must be the outcome, and we must have a propaganda, a propaganda by litera-

ture, and I for one am willing to pledge myself to the $500 of which Heber Newton speaks.

The time having arrived for the next paper, it was called for by the Chair.

THE VALUE AND FEASIBILITY OF STATE ORGANIZATIONS.

BY REV. J. H. PALMER OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

Things come to pass because of some power behind them of heart and will working toward the desired result. A few people at least must first feel that there is a real value in the desired thing, feel it earnestly enough to make some considerable sacrifice of comfort, time and effort that it may become a realized fact.

I suppose that I have been selected to present this phase of the matter because of having been somewhat in the front in the organization of the Iowa Liberal Congress last April, and I can perhaps best speak to you out of my personal experiences as they relate to that venture. Personally, I have had a well grounded sentiment for years that the church is wasteful of its energy, that its attention is too much turned to dogma and not enough to life, that it is too intent upon the stability of denominational partition walls and the dress parade of sectarian conventionalities, and not enough interested in the wants and woes of our common humanity. I noted the brave words in not a few magazines and other publications that fell under my notice, and came to the conclusion that I certainly was not alone in my feeling, and in my hope that there was a way out to the higher grounds of common work, sympathy and helpfulness. In a tentative manner I broached the matter to several of my correspondents, very generally receiving hearty commendations of the suggestions I offered. From earnest people of several differing sects there came the word that a non-sectarian, truly liberal, human-hearted gathering would be a good thing, if for nothing else than better personal acquaintance. As an old soldier I recalled that marvelous strength that came to the single man in the touch of elbows of men going forward actuated by a common purpose, and the desire grew to see an alignment of as many as possible in Iowa of the men and women who believed that the time was ripe for a larger manifestation of brotherhood.

Then, if such a gathering should prove successful in demonstrating the existence of the larger fraternal spirit, if men and women, forgetting that they were Gentile or Jew, scythian or barbarian, should remember that they were human, and that generous love was possible and common to them all, I felt that there would be a real value in communion and consultation for the general good. So we tried to get together, we did get together, and our getting together brought its hundred-fold blessing to every one who was present at our session.

At first the thought was to make of the meeting only a local matter, and confined to a small territory—and I yet believe that such meetings have a peculiar value—but a line from our good brother Jones led me to believe that it would be as easy to do a large as a little thing, and so we sought to interest all the liberal people of the different denominations and of no denomination in so far as we knew of them in Iowa in our initial effort.

The Iowa Liberal Congress did not gather a tithe of the people that were with it most heartily in sympathy. This is a busy world, and there are many whole-hearted, earnest souls that find it impossible to personally aid a movement that has their most cordial approbation. Excuses were abundant, both on the part of those requested to prepare papers and addresses and those who were invited to swell the audiences. I believe that in the main, they were honest, and that there were scores, yes, hundreds, of people who desired to be with us and could not because of previous engagements, business interests that could not be put by, and for other reasons. We should not be discouraged in our efforts at minor organizations if we meet with refusals from many sources from which we expect quick and hearty co-operation. The experience gained from the organization of the Iowa Congress confirms us in the idea that the field is more fertile than we imagine, and that we have only to keep on seeking, and all needed help, both in talent and attendance will be forthcoming. Personally I have been rewarded repeatedly by the remark made by those that were present, that the papers and addresses were of such uniformly excellent quality that they could not well be improved upon, for the effort necessary to prepare the program, and for the very many disappointments that came in the course of its preparation. This resolution lies at the very door of success—there must be no thought of failure; he who ventures and retreats is not fit for the kingdom.

Very much depends upon the constituency that one relies upon for support, for without hearty sympathy and ready co-operation nothing can be accomplished. In this respect the Iowa Congress was peculiarly fortunate. The church at Cedar Rapids in which our session was held, is peculiarly non-sectarian, and yet, speaking from an acquaintance with it covering ten years, it is just as peculiarly reverent and earnest. It is composed of people who entertain decided convictions, while they realize that the world is plentifully supplied with other people of equally strong convictions, many of which run counter to those which they entertain and at opportune seasons endeavor to advance. But they are thoroughly convinced that men are not to be approbated or condemned for their beliefs, but rather for their manner of holding them, that any belief, honestly held and temperately advocated, is entitled to respect. They believe that a man is always better able to deliver judgment after hearing the other side. They therefore welcomed to their midst people of widely varying opinions, assured that nothing but good could come of the largest possible interchange of thought. The society kept open house for all who came, raised a sufficient sum of money to meet all the probable expenses of the meeting, were present in goodly numbers at the opening session and staid by to the end. In a sentence, they organized for success, and success followed as an almost necessary consequence. Without a people of the temper, zeal and generous spirit of the Cedar Rapids society, I can but believe that the most earnest promoter of the Congress would labor in vain. I have come a long way from home to say it, but it is a word fit to say at any time when this matter is under consideration, that whatever success has been achieved in the gathering together of the liberal elements of the varying forms of religion in Iowa, is essentially due to the large, forward look of the Cedar Rapids Universalist Society. But I feel certain that there are other communities

besides Cedar Rapids that have in them societies that have caught the blessed infection of fraternity, and that in such places wherever they exist, the idea of the Liberal Congress of Religion can be worked to a successful issue.

The value of such a gathering to the community in which it is held may be easily undercalculated. When we got together in Cedar Rapids there were Methodists, Baptists, Christians, Congregationalists, Independents of various shades of belief, Jews, Unitarians and Universalists, with possibly others that I know not of. Nobody felt out of place, no one minced or belittled his peculiar views, no one hesitated to criticize ideas advanced which seemed to him open to criticism, and yet I think that without exception, every one felt the uplift of the tide of love and good will that flowed through and over all, and were glad to be present. The people of the city have not yet ceased to speak of it. My own church was so strengthened by it that they want another session next spring, and I am confident that as an object lesson in humanity, reverence and love it was worth a hundredfold more than it cost.

Looking back over it all, taking into account the disappointments that we met, the patience required, the very generous expenditure of time and temper that were involved in the effort, the conclusion is that it paid, and that it will pay again. But this thing will not come of its own motion; some one, or several some ones, must get behind and overcome the inevitable inertia.

I know a quaint and aged missionary of the unpopular side of religion who is peculiarly successful, if in no other thing, in getting the people out to listen to his message, and with whom it is a cardinal principle never to write to a place, asking if it is advisable to come there and hold services. He goes, secures a hall, or other suitable place, and then advertises that the services will be held. His experience is that there will always be a congregation. This must be the method of such as desire state organizations of the Liberal Congress. This word is to you, my brother, my sister, who may hear me at this hour, and who have come here from a locality far distant. If you want in your own community an organization that shall be, to say the least, a large echo of the National Congress, it is for you, when you return to your home, to count the cost, and if the balance is at all in your favor, throw your soul heartily into the work, and you will find it in the very inception half accomplished.

This is certain, you will build better than you know, and in ways that you will not dream of until your work is done, you will have your reward.

Mr. Jones: I believe that it is in the line of our possibilities and opportunities to encourage the State Congresses. In Illinois, Iowa and Michigan a beginning has already been made. In New York, as I have indicated in my paper, Dr. Whiton, Leighton Williams, William C. Gannett and Mr. Peabody here have gone a good way towards planning for a State Congress. As for the General Congress, if it can help better by keeping still and keeping out, it will do that, but when it can help by lending a hand we are at their service.

Adjourned.

EVENING SESSION.—DR. E. G. HIRSCH PRESIDING.

8 p. m.—Mr. Calthrop of Syracuse then led in the Lord's Prayer.

Dr. Hirsch: The program for this evening unfortunately requires some modification. The Rev. R. A. White of Chicago, who is announced to preside, has not been able to come to Omaha. Chicago this week had strong claims upon him and he could not extricate himself from some of the involutions of parading patriotism. We know his heart is in the cause. If ever man was fitted by study and sympathy to preside over the deliberations of our Congress as it turns to questions of sociology, it is Mr. White. I am but a poor substitute. The only apology I can make for claim to your indulgence is that sometimes I have been told that I was a "white Jew," so you may leave the "Jew" off and consider me a "White" to-night.

Men have always been fascinated by the starry sky above. To know why the planets whirl around in space and what their conjunctions and oppositions meant, has seemed to all generations before our own most important. Ordinarily when we recount the triumphs of our century we enumerate the great supremacy which we have wrought out over natural forces. The little high school boy and girl will by preference expatiate in his or her graduating essay, full of the deepest philosophy, upon the triumph that we have achieved over nature's avarice in consequence of our ability to yoke our chariot to the flame of the lightning and the rush of the thunder. But, friends, the natural sciences cannot utter the most important word of truth, and a new science has been worked out in our own time, the science of man and for man. In many phases of our thought life and in many of the guiding principles of our conduct we are still under the spell of the mighty philosophers of the eighteenth century. Now the men who inaugurated the French Revolution, Rousseau, the French encyclopedists, the English leaders on economic subjects, Adam Smith and others, were humanitarians; they studied man, but the man whom they studied was an individual man. Their economic man, for instance, was a being that held no relations to others except those that came to him in his pursuit of wealth and in his passion for the subjugation and utilization of others. Man, the individual, was the last stone in the arch of the eighteenth century's political, religious and economic philosophy. To-day our sciences of man begin to appreciate that man is not an individual, but that man is one of many and that the connection which binds him to the many is not one of selfish interest, but must be of creative love. What we are, we are through others, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually. The old Greeks had a truer conception of man's position. Old Aristotle came very near the truth when he said "Man is a political animal." It is often said that the Christianity of the Gospels individualizes man. They who say this have but superficially skimmed the words of the great teacher of Nazareth. If ever there was a personality deeply fired and aglow with the consciousness of the "belongingness" (if I may coin that word) of one man unto another, it was he who lived and died for others. If ever there was a social philosophy based upon the idea that society is not a stepping stone for one to rise to a lonely height, that the true social architecture is not that of the pyramid slowly rising from base to apex where but

one stands, it was that of him whose matchless eloquence and whose unfathomed love set aglow with hope forever the hilltops of Palestine. That is the beginning of consciousness of the new science of man as interpreted by our age. Modern sociology is the science of man in his organic relation to society. This science is the highest science of our day, it is that science which later years will credit our century with having produced and begun to apply. This science has many departments—education, economics, ethics, the social hygiene or, as we call it, practical charity, and many more. And tonight we shall listen to master expounders of this new sociology, and we are glad to have them with us. The first speaker tonight is Prof. C. Hanford Henderson of the Pratt Institute. Sociology has taught us what education really means. Education for many is merely a mechanical process, so much knowledge funneled into the child's brain and the funnel marked like a medicine instrument, the dose regulated very exactly lest the patient should expire from an overdose of that filling-in process. Education stands for much more vital things than the transmission of knowledge. She who merely knows the art of teaching in so far as she is skillful to apply the hose to a big barrel of knowledge and transmit that fluid to the brain of the child, is not the true teacher today. The teacher holds in his grasp the future of humanity. Said the sages of the Talmud, "The breath of the school children preserves the world and the cosmos."

I take great pleasure in introducing to you Prof. C. Hanford Henderson, who will talk to us on "The Social Conscience," the corner stone of salvation for individual and society."

Mr. Henderson: I ought, perhaps, to begin this evening by a modest disclaimer. Our Chairman has said far too much, but perhaps you know his kindness and already have discounted something of what he has said in introducing me. I wish I could come to you as a master in this new science which has been so ably portrayed. I come to you in the same spirit as you come to me—I come simply as a learner.

THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE.

BY DR. C. HANFORD HENDERSON, OF PRATT INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

The first problem in the world of affairs with which the average young American feels himself called upon to deal is the practical problem of a living. The being diligent in business has been held up to us on all sides with so much persistence that it has come to represent perhaps the one attainable form of virtue. If our young American belong to the middle or upper classes, economically speaking, and if he be so fortunate as to possess in addition to his youth a fair degree of health, of education, of common sense and of honesty, the problem of a living is not yet difficult. Indeed, he can hardly exercise a reasonable activity in any department of social service without receiving as his reward a very decent and comfortable maintenance. I may go a step farther and assert that if one's family obligations are not too pressing and one is fairly energetic it is even possible to select the lines of one's activity with some freedom and still be well fed. I find it possible myself to choose my work, to give a minimum of attention to money matters, to have a reasonable amount of free time and a large amount of social advantage and pleasure, and still to pay my way as I go and even have a small surplus. One does not by such a process grow rich, but one does gain a competence, or become independent, as the old-fashioned phrase had it. As the years roll around, the annual surplus with interest and dividends, and the property that habitually comes to one by inheritance with perhaps a fortunate investment, a corner lot, a selling book, or any of the hundred and one windfalls to which the cultured and favored classes are constantly exposed, combine to form a buoyant current which carries our middle-aged, middle-class personage quite over all financial shoals and lands him in a peaceful haven, where, if he choose, he may live at his ease, and refrain entirely from further profit-producing labor. If one is temperate and moderate and industrious, this is very apt to be the course of events.

If, further, our prudent gentleman has provided against this time of leisure not only the necessary amount of income-producing property, but also by travel and music and art and social intercourse and other intellectual pleasure judiciously scattered throughout his working period, has kept alive those human interests which alone make such leisure valuable, he is able to enter upon a life which is certainly not without beauty and attractiveness. It has all come about so easily and so pleasantly and so naturally that its possessor is prone to regard himself as a normal type of man, the reaper of what he has himself so wisely sown, and to regard less fortunately placed individuals as the victims of their own folly. Had they been more industrious, more prudent, more far-sighted, perhaps less generous, had they been better managers than they evidently were, or worked under other conditions; had many of the things happened that might have happened and did not, why then of course their affairs generally would have been quite different, and the poor fellows not have been in such sad straits. One may call the circumstances unfortunate, and be genuinely sorry, and perhaps relinquish a very little out of one's own abundance, and still remain in a condition of entire social unconcern about the welfare of this, one's brother.

And the complacent life has the instinct of all life, the instinct of self-preservation—it shields itself. In summer it is cooled by mountain gales and ocean breezes. In the boundless heart of Nature, in the vast expanse of earth and air and sea and sky, it sees an abundance that mocks at want and makes human poverty seem a shadowy unreality. It hears with a temporary thrill of pity of that poor woman who said when she first saw the ocean that she was glad for once to see something there was enough of, but in a moment she, too, becomes a picturesque illusion. In the winter this complacency is warmed and comforted by the best that our great cities have to afford. Yet here unconsciously it is a prisoner; it must not wander far afield, or, if it does go, it must travel with blinded eyes. To know Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, or San Francisco means for one of us to know the parts that are fairest and best, and to deliberately ignore the arid stretches of the larger and darker city. Nor must our complacency think very much about the unemployed and the destitute and the workers; nor read statistics: nor reason as to where our own incomes are gathered or what gives value to our so-called property, for to do these things would be self-destructive.

I have sketched in this bare outline what I believe to be the attitude today of a large majority of our cultivated and leisure classes, an attitude not shaken by actual slumming or other activities commonly classed as charitable. I know that I have not exaggerated the matter, for I myself have believed all these things. And worse things, too, I have believed. I have believed in a vague way that human poverty and human suffering and human sorrow had a fixed place in the divine economy of the world, and that I, a man, and eating the good things of life, need feel no responsibility for the woes of these, my brothers and my sisters. It were gracious to be pitiful, so I reasoned, and before one's own fire and among one's own friends and possessions to be sorry that others are cold and hungry and naked and unfriended, but the matter is inscrutable, and doubtless some time it will all come out right.

But once admit the doubt, once put the question to one's own soul and ask whose is the responsibility for the unutterable misery that you see on all sides, and the old complacency, the old moral laissez-faire, are lost forever. The spectre of human want, once recognized, will not leave you. It will haunt the activities of the day; it will claim the still watches of the night. And yet, I would urge you to harbor this gaunt bedfellow, for it is the sign and symbol that within your own heart has been born something, which lacking, I should no longer count myself a man. I mean the social conscience, the deep assent that the cause of my brother and my sister is likewise my cause.

I used to hear, some years ago, among a certain class of speakers, an almost constant reference to the stirring days of the civil war. It used to bore me sadly and I quite failed to understand why a dead issue should be so persistently revived. I think I understand it now. These men lingered over their memory of war days, because, however dark these days may have been, they were lighted by a purpose greater than any selfish, personal prospect. The whole North throbbed with the pulse beat of a mighty passion, the passion for human freedom, and this passion idealized and made glorious the humblest toil that went into the consummation of the anti-slavery days with an enthusiasm which made the selfish industrialism of the present seem inglorious and trivial. For the most part, the generation that freed the negro has passed away. A new generation has come upon the scene, a generation untrained to taking moral and religious issues in any very vital and serious way; overtrained to taking the main business of life to be commercial. But today there is quite as much occasion for the calling out of the moral enthusiasm of the nation as there was in the stirring days of the early sixties. Again there is an opportunity for the putting aside of personal, selfish, trivial ends for greater human social ends. The issue is even greater than it was in '61. Then the work to be done was the freeing of the negro slaves, and there were only a few million of them. Today the work to be done is the freeing of the white workers of America, the men and women and children who are the slaves of the present industrial system. And of these white slaves, my friends, there are over sixty million.

It may seem to you that in speaking of the working classes of America as slaves I am using overstrong language. I wish that I were. But so far as I see the truth, and so far as I know the use of language, I should be denying the one and misusing the other if I declined the harsh term that I have chosen. They are slaves, virtually slaves, these men and women and little ones, and the conditions of their bondage are becoming each year more intolerable. And there are over sixty million of them. They are to be freed, not by martial force, for that is not subtle enough to do the work, but they are to be freed through the operation of a power which has never yet failed to accomplish such work as it has recognized—the power of the human conscience directed to social ends. Every great revolution must be accomplished first in thought and then in deed. The social revolution which is to regenerate America and make her people free is to be wrought out in the heart and conscience of America before it can become an outer fact.

And I believe that the way to arouse this conscience and bring about this revolution is to be resolutely honest, to call things by their right names, a spade a spade, and to blink no facts, however unwelcome or distressing.

If you please yourself by thinking that the people are free, you cannot be expected to set about the work of freeing them with any very great enthusiasm. If you regard the social life of the masses in America as tolerable, you will hardly address yourselves to the task of regenerating it. But how can you, with open eyes, believe such monstrous untruths? The people are not free; their life is a dreary failure. In Europe there is a privileged class, and it has busied itself quite as industriously as elsewhere in skimming off the cream from the milk of human labor. Here in America, in spite of our republican institutions, we also have a privileged class, with still more unbounded power, the power of fabulous wealth. But its privilege rests upon no pretense of merit, upon no ideal of social service, however shadowy, rendered by itself or its ancestry. In many cases it has not even the dignity of good manners. These immense privileges rest solely upon the ability to exploit the labor of others and appropriate to personal selfish ends the generous bounty of Nature. No one can by honest labor create a fortune.

More and more the population of America is crowding into the cities and the country is becoming relatively depopulated. Surely it is in the cities that one should find the characteristics of American life. And what does one find? I have hardly the courage to answer. On all sides one finds brutality and squalor; a misery that is the intolerable work of man himself, and is increasing; millions of human beings living as no human beings ever should live; sights and sounds and smells that are horrible; on all sides the signs of hopeless human slavery.

And for this wretched existence there are even found apologists; the people, they say, know no better and do not mind it. Know no better and do not mind it! Great God, what an unutterable confession! To have mistaken such existence for life is perhaps the greatest of all indictments, and shows to what depths the people have been dragged. But the masses of them do mind it, and their wretchedness is open to all who have the heart to care. In the biggest of our big cities, New York, I cannot stir abroad without meeting this misery at every turn. Go with me on such an excursion. Perhaps I notice that my shoes are dirty, and I stop in a sheltered corner to have them cleaned. I am fairly puzzled to know whether it is a

man or a boy who is serving me. Apparently he has never been young. He is too stunted to call a man. He is sallow and unkempt and hopeless. He has never tasted life and he never will. He has but one thing to look forward to, and that is the grave. And yet he lives almost under the shadow of that giant Goddess of Liberty, who is said to be enlightening the world. It is a mockery to call this man-boy free. He is a slave, and there are thousands of his class in this one city.

I hurry on. I pass an old woman burdened far beyond her feeble strength. Absolute suffering speaks in her every movement. Yet I hurry on, and others like me hurry on. There are millions of such cases the land over, women no longer young doing tasks greatly beyond their strength, while the young men of the favored classes go carelessly about their own affairs. And no one blushes. No one is ashamed. You are shocked to see a German peasant woman harnessed to a cart along with a great shaggy dog. It is a shocking sight, but the peasant woman is strong and sturdy, not, I think, unhappy, and the sight is much less shocking than the sights you may see any day in our own American cities—frail women, sick women, gray-haired women, infirm, unguarded, unprovided for in the richest country in the world. And you and I, standing for society, are the task-masters and the oppressors of these poor women, who in the midst of our wealth are toiling and suffering, suffering and toiling. And when we do care for them, how bitter we make our charity. Near my own home there is an institution, and over the door, appropriately, it seems to me, cut in letters of stone, is the inscription: "For aged, infirm and indigent females." Do any of you feel that you would like to go to such a shelter?

I stop to buy a paper. The boy who sells it to me is dirty and ragged. His face is an object lesson. It is perhaps fortunate that the Goddess of Liberty is too tall to see him, for surely they have nothing in common. He has known no wholesome boyish sports, no brooding care, no elevating influence. He has never been a child; he will never be a man. And there are thousands of them, slaves of a social order that, when measured, mark you, by our knowledge and aspiration, I believe to be as infamous as any ever recorded in history. I go up a high, dirty staircase to the elevated railroad, jostled and perhaps spat upon by a crowd of unwashed, hurried, anxious human beings, who are unbeautiful to look upon and unpleasant to be near, who have in their faces so distinctly the mark of being pursued that I turn involuntarily to see who is the pursuer. He is there, driving these white slaves to the sacrifice of all that makes life worth living, health and happiness and honor and hope; he is the demon of bitter human want, and he supplies the background against whose blackness the spectacle of American private wealth stands out so dazzlingly. Of these worried ones, there are millions, and they are forced to take persistent thought for the morrow, what they shall eat and what they shall drink and wherewithal they shall be clothed, or they will be pressed relentlessly to the wall; pressed, my friends, by such gentle persons as you and I, persons who live by profit and rent and interest; persons whose servants are bound to them, not by bill of sale—the emancipation proclamation has been duly signed—but bound no less inexorably by grinding human want. And this bitter servitude of the masses will continue, and will grow worse, if that be possible, just so long as the privileged few—the most irresponsible of masters—are allowed to appropriate this fair earth and its immense productive agencies for their private benefit, and the many are obliged to pay tribute to the few.

At the ticket office my questions are answered in curt monosyllables, but when I look at the man in the grimy money-box I cannot wonder. There he sits, for twelve hours, I believe, day after day, month after month, year after year, until he is no longer a man, but a wretched fragment, the embittered slave of a commercialism whose profits are spent in a better favored section of the city. I do not know what he gets, but he cannot be other than poor, for in his life there is no vista. At the gate, where I drop my ticket, there is another miserable one, a concrete tragedy. I do know what he gets, for he told me he gets $1.55 for a day of twelve hours; $1.55 a day in New York, in a city where a gentleman and his family cannot live in decency and comfort for less than five to ten thousand a year. On this particular afternoon there is an expression of acute misery on the man's face that makes even callous ones turn and look. It is not because of the miserable wage; not because of the dull, ignoble service he is rendering; not because he is utterly missing a man's chance of life; not because the sunken cheek and hacking cough indicate that he will soon die without ever having lived—and these are very real tragedies. No, it is because at the end of the month a self-registering turnstile will do his meaningless work, and he will lose his job. And this, too, I know, for he told me.

In the train itself one must simply close one's eyes, for the glimpses of misery one gets from the windows are unbearable. Hundreds and hundreds of shabby tenements tell of a home life that is hideous. In the cheap lodging houses there are crowds of men, hungry, unemployed, miserable. Pale-faced women bend over their work in the stifling atmosphere of the sweat shops. Puny children watch with vacant stare the passing of the train. Did you know that the mortality among the children of the poor, under five years, is three times as great as among the children of the upper classes? It is growing late, and in the half-light of the cross street that leads from the elevated, I am arrested by a woman's voice. I cannot repeat what she said to me. And yet she had once been a child and innocent, a little girl upon whose head one's hand could rest without feeling defiled. The counterfeit love which she offers to sell, which she competes with others in selling, which she bribes the police for an opportunity to offer, is prompted by no natural impulse, however perverted, but represents to her the price of bread. It is true she might work, or rather might once have worked, but looking upon domestic servitude, upon the sweat shop, upon the several forms of industrial slavery open to women, in her ignorance and weakness she has chosen this. My friends, I was a coward. I did not stop and say: My sister, how comes it that you fare so ill? I had not the courage. I passed on quickly, and do you know that in our large cities there are thirty thousand, forty thousand, fifty thousand of these outcast women for whom you and I, who live gently upon our profits and rents and interest, are directly, morally, responsible?

My own life is a sheltered one, and yours probably is a sheltered one. We know but a hundredth part of the horror in the life of the poor, the material physical

suffering, and the greater poverty of the spirit. The problem that I am presenting to you, the problem of the American working people, is a grave one, for it is the problem of the poor, the problem of nearly 90 per cent of our entire people. Do you happen to know that over half the wealth of America is owned by 1 per cent of her population; that 87 per cent of the wealth is in the hands of one-eighth of the people; that the remaining 13 per cent of the wealth is the scant heritage of the other seven-eighths, and that practically half of our people are beggars, disinherited, living a starved hand-to-mouth life? And these figures are not mending, nor are there any causes in the present social regime to make them mend. American democracy is an illusion, an out-and-out mirage. What we have accomplished is a plutocracy, the most complete and perhaps the most pitiless the world has yet seen.

If, along with this bitter suffering, the American people were becoming a better people, I should perhaps be content. But I cannot see that this is the case. In the great city which is now my home I see on all sides the evidence of force, the frank acknowledgment of dishonesty.

In the great bridge which was so extolled upon its completion that one might have thought it a contribution to human happiness, the most prominent sign is: "Beware of Pickpockets." In the more crowded restaurants you read the notice: Watch your hat and coat; the proprietor is not responsible. If you receive too much change and return what does not belong to you, you are thanked effusively, as if this common honesty were not expected. If you ride on a surface car, your fare is rung up on an expensive and ill-sounding register, and the mean-looking man over in the corner is watching to see that it is done. On the elevated there is a double espionage; the wretch at the gate to see that you drop your ticket in the box, and the tickets in the lock-box to make sure the ticket-seller is not cheating. If you step into a store, you find an ugly, nickel-plated machine which registers your purchase and watches over the till. In the street the strongest men are policemen, the stanchest buildings safe deposits. On the steam cars there is eternal ticket punching and a tiresome system of ten-cent rebates with its eye on the conductor. It is too much to say that the country is permeated with devices, semi-human or mechanical, devoted to the ignoble task of playing the spy, and prompted not by any desire to keep men honest, but by the experience that they are already dishonest. Even the government takes a hand in this now universal detective work. From the milk inspector and butter weigher to the bank president, everything, everybody, must be watched. I say that this is a pitiable spectacle and it is a spectacle of increasing proportions. Do you believe that humanity is so inherently false, or do you believe, with me, that there is something deeply and radically wrong in a social system which is so remorselessly crushing out the honesty and manhood of a majority of our people?

You can hardly expect a people corrupt along one line to be high-minded and noble along other lines. A mortal poison permeates the very blood. With dishonesty go servility and lying and the whole catalogue of base qualities. I say this in pity, not in condemnation; in my heart I believe that these outcasts, these disinherited and dispirited ones, these liars and dishonest folk, stand before the great throne of justice more guiltless than we, their oppressors. Do you remember how the children of Israel, when they were slaves in Egypt, borrowed with lying lips the jewelry of the Egyptian women, and later, how they stole it? It has been the privilege of slaves everywhere to lie and to steal. Truth and honesty are the qualities of freemen.

If we turn from the city to the country, we find fresh air and elbow room and decency, but we also find bitter want. The farmers are growing poorer and poorer; their lands are covered with mortgages; the men themselves are mostly discouraged. But I am glad to see that in some sections of the country the more sturdy ones are trying to find a way out, and are showing a disposition to take matters into their own hands.

It is generally conceded that terrible as were the sufferings of the negro slaves the greater evil was done to the slaveholders themselves. Our present white slavery has also an obverse side. The sufferings of the American proletariat are far greater in the aggregate than were the sufferings of the negroes. They are the cruel sufferings of cold and hunger and nakedness; they are insult and humiliation; they are the deeper wrongs of the spirit, of disinheritance in the world's intellectual and moral progress. But the slaveholder does not escape. The great industrial machine with which he grinds others sometimes gets out of order and grinds him. The reduced gentleman, the reduced gentlewoman, to what pitiable straits are they forced! You have met them in real life, in literature, on the stage. But even if the machine runs smoothly, the slaveholder cannot escape immense negative losses. He is forever shut out from the realization of the highest good, for the highest good comes to us only when we love our brother as we love ourselves. It is a mockery to proclaim such love, if we hold our brother in industrial slavery. And if we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love the great God whom we have not seen. I believe, my friends, it is literally true that the kingdom of heaven for whose coming the world of the spirit daily prays is closed forever and forever to those who would enter without their brother and their sister. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

But to return to my starting point. It is easy, I have said, for a man of my own class to make a living, or to accept a living. It is easy to be very happy and to enjoy to the full this great throbbing world of feeling and of thought, for the world is very bright when it is filtered through a certain amount of obtuseness. But there comes a moment when it is no longer easy to do this. That moment has come to me. The obtuseness has failed. I stand face to face with the penetrating questions of an awakened social conscience. The problem of a living has taken a new form—how can I make, with unspotted hands, my daily bread?—and I must seek a new solution. I may abstain from investments and all forms of speculation; I may decline to serve another man for hire, or to have another man serve me; I may refuse profits and rent and interest; I might, like Tolstoi, retire to the country and with the labor of my own hands earn a simple livelihood. And I believe that individual nonparticipation, meagre as it is, would still be better than the guilty complicity of my present living. But the disinherited ones are not free to make even this poor experiment. They have neither land, nor tools, nor youth, nor

strength, nor knowledge. And even for me the solution would be deplorably partial, and I should pay a great price. However slight my connection with this hated commercialism, I should still be consenting to it with every tool or book or article of necessity that I allowed myself to purchase. And the price? It would be travel and society and music and art and literature and science—in a word, it would be the world. Clearly this way out must be looked upon as a last resort, to be tried only when all others have failed.

No, my friends, the true way out is not individual; it is social. I am a part of society and whatever may be the social fate must be my fate. I cannot purify my own social life while society remains evil. I cannot escape the social solidarity.

We are gathered together tonight in the holy name of religion. What that name signifies, it is a large part of our purpose to express. You know the definition given by James—pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world. It is a definition much at variance with our present industrial practice. In that striking picture of the last judgment, which has never, I think, been made enough of, Jesus pointed out with supreme tenderness what seemed to Him the vital part of religion. The naked soul, standing before the great throne, is asked no questions of belief, of the Trinity, of predestination, of transubstantiation. The ultra-physical quibbles upon which great churches have since been reared do not appear in all the picture—only the simple record of life's doing. I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me. * * * Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

It is a touching picture, and were it the only testimony we had it would be sufficient to enroll forever the name of Jesus as a high priest in the religion of humanity. This religion, which I conceive to be the one true religion, proclaimed to us in China, in India, in Palestine, in Europe, in America, is today made impossible in our midst by reason of the industrial slavery in which we hold our brother-man. The world's morality, its health, its happiness, its beauty, its progress are today blocked by this failure of justice in the human heart. In the name of humanity I declare that the time has come when this obstacle must be removed. And I am not hopeless. On the contrary, I am full of hope. That human nature remains as good and true and sound as it does in the midst of all this social degradation is alone a fact of large promise. I wonder in my heart that the lower classes are not worse than they are. And among the upper classes themselves there is a growing discontent, a desire to remit this terrible slavery of the masses. I do not take the "slumming" of the upper classes very seriously, but the millions they are willing to give in charity are good at least for themselves, and do indicate a practical earnestness. But the way out is not through charity. In one sense, these millions have retarded the coming of the real kingdom, for they have held out a false hope. The work of merit that this charity has accomplished shows itself rather in the increased social sensitiveness of the upper classes. It has been a work of preparation. The true way out must be through economical reform, through the establishment of such conditions of industrial equality that charity will be both unnecessary and impossible. I look forward with confidence to the carrying out of this humane program in the early years of the coming century, for I see already the signs of decay in the once strong bond of the slave.

This work of liberation will be done; and done, remember, not only for the sake of an unhappy and enslaved people, but done as well to purge our own souls white from the dreadful stain of their iniquity. When the social conscience is once aroused and men and women feel that they are their brother's keeper, and may not live at the expense of another, then the resources of this bountiful world, a thousandfold more abundant than even human need, will be turned to human rather than to commercial ends, and it will be found that there is more than enough for all men. But this, I believe, will only be when the sinister devices of profit and rent and interest no longer divide our people into slaves and slaveholders; when the many do not serve the few, nor the few the many; when all men are equal partakers of the ungrudging bounty of the universe, and each is free "to do the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are."

Dr. Hirsch: The Rev. Frank Crane of Chicago is unavoidably detained by sickness in his family. We have the pleasure of listening now to a paper by Prof. N. P. Gilman, professor of sociology in the Meadville Theological School, on "What the Employer Might Do to Settle the Labor Problem."

[*Mr. Gilman's essay is withheld by the author for publication elsewhere.*]

BENEDICTION BY MR. JONES.

May the reign of love be manifest in loving and loyal lives. Hasten the day, O Father of Love, when Thy children shall dwell together in sympathy, cooperation and harmony, working and walking together under common loads, towards a common freedom. Amen.

Boston Public Baths.

Benjamin Franklin left a fund for the benefit of the city of Boston, part of which was to be under the direct control of the city, to be expended in public works which may be judged to "be of most general utility of the inhabitants, such as fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever may make it more agreeable to strangers resorting either for health or a temporary residence."

The amount at present in this fund is $355,004.68, and it is proposed to spend $200,000 of it for an elaborate system of public baths as one of the benefits anticipated by the wise testator.—Christian Herald.

Lady Arnold, the wife of Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," is a member of the Shinto faith—the religion of the upper classes in Japan. Sir Edwin himself for some time resided in Japan. He made an exhaustive study of the fascinations of the Land of the Chrysanthemum and its delightful little people, and became so identified with the life of the country as to marry one of its most charming ladies, the present Lady Arnold. He is also said to have adopted the Shinto faith.—Boston Transcript.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Cling to your best ideal of any thing. Fail with it, if need be, rather than sacrifice it to success.

MON.—If your favorite authors are of the grand, profound, enduring order, you become yourself such to the extent of your inate capacity for such growth.

TUES.—A book which is a negative quantity in the sum total of our acquisitions is a worthless book.

WED.—The most useless things living are the bookworms who are nothing more.

THURS.—The measure of our knowledge is not so much that of what we gain as of what we hold and use.

FRI.—If your favorite authors are short-lived, you become yourself such in your culture and your influence.

SAT.—No other work of God in creation was so grand as the creation of man; so nothing else in life is so grand a thing as the growth of a man.

Austin Phelps.

Where go the Boats?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand,
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And on past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

—R. L. Stevenson.

The Pine and the Flag.

Just where the forest ended grew a pine tree, taller and more beautiful than all the others in the forest. It had room there to send out its beautiful branches, and it grew straight and tall, so that one could see it from far away. At the foot of the pine tree the grain fields began. Here the farmer sowed flax, and almost under the shadow of the great pine tree there came up a slender green plant. The pine was very fond of it. Often they talked together and promised that they would always be friends.

"How foolish you are," said the other tree to the pine, "the flax is such a weak, tiny thing. Why do you not choose a friend like yourself?"

But the pine was loyal to the flax.

"You must be very silly," said the rude weeds to the flax, "to think your friendship is worth anything to the tree. You are not very wise or very strong, and some day you may be sorry that you did not listen to us."

"I shall trust the pine tree," said the flax.

Now the day came when the flax was pulled up and made into linen cloth. Men came, too, and cut down the pine tree and dragged it away.

"That was a fine friendship," said the weeds to the trees. "Now they will never see each other again."

But the pine and the flax did not forget. In the city by the sea there lay a great ship. The pine tree was one of the masts, and at its top there waved a flag. The mast was proud of its place, but the ship could not stir yet. Then there came a great white cloth; that was a sail. It clung to the mast and spread itself out like a great wing. Into its soft curves the wind crept, and now the ship was eager to be off. The sail was made of the flax plant, and the two faithful friends clasped hands gladly. Out over the dancing blue waves they went into the new life beyond.

"Who could have believed it?" said the forest trees to the weeds, when the wind whispered it to them.

But the pine tree and the flax had believed it, for they believed each other.—Sel.

The Doll That Talked.

"Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?" asked Dollikins. Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips. Dollikins gave her a little shake. "Dear me!" she said, "I do wish you could talk! I am so tired of having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep!"

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up straight in her crib, and opened her blue eyes wide.

"Mamma!" she said.

"Oh, you *can* talk!" cried Dollikins, joyfully.

"Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft," said Dorothy Ann, in a complaining voice. "And you forgot to take off my shoes."

"I am sorry," said Dollikins.

"And I did not have anything but mashed potato for my dinner!" cried Dorothy Ann, "I don't like mashed potato. Why don't I have things that I like, mamma?"

Dollikins cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" wailed Dorothy Ann. "Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other little girls don't have to, I wish—"

"Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins, "will you please not talk any more. It makes my head ache!"

Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

"Good morning, Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins. "I am very glad you do not know how to talk, my dear, for then you might be a sore trial to your mother!"—*Margaret Johnson in Babyland,*

The Garden of Life.

The Garden of Life,—it beareth well,
It will repay our care;
But the blossom must always and ever be
Like the seed we're planting there.

For beautiful thoughts make beautiful lives;
And every word and deed
Lies in the thought that prompted it,
As the flower lies in the seed.

—A. E. Godfrey, in Christian Work.

Two little girls who had been playing disagreed. The youngest suddenly said, in real mamma tones: "Birdie, I wants you to understand I'se just like my muzzer; when I speaks I'se going to be minded." And the quarrel ceased at once.

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

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Iowa Unitarian Conference.

The Iowa Conference of Unitarian and other Independent churches met at Decorah October 25–27. Owing to the meeting place being so inaccessable, and to the unfavorableness of the weather, there were not as many delegates present as usual. Nevertheless the three days' session was packed with busiuess and with interesting and helpful discussions of vital questions.

A board meeting was held Tuesday afternoon followed by a ministers' meeting in which Rev. A. W. Gould gave a review of Thiele's book on "The Elements of the Science of Religion." The review was discussed at considerable length by Rev. A. M. Judy and Rev. Elinor E. Gordon. The remainder of the afternoon was occupied by a discussion of the year's reading.

In the evening occurred the ordaining service of E. M. G. Hodgin, a recent graduate of the Meadville Theological School, now minister of Unity Church, Humbuldt, Iowa. The scripture lesson was read by Rev. A. G. Wilson of Decorah. A very impressive sermon on the work of the liberal ministry was given by Rev. A. M. Judy of Davenport. Rev. Oscar Clute of Des Moines gave the ordaining prayer. Rev. E. E. Gordon of Iowa City gave the charge to the minister and Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago the right hand of fellowship.

Wednesday forenoon was crowded with business from nine until twelve. The business consisted of the appointing of committees, reports from the secretary and treasurer, reports from committees and a general discussion of missionary work. At twelve o'clock a devotional meeting was led by Miss Mary Collson, minister of Unity Church at Ida Grove.

At two o'clock in the afternoon a paper on the recent trend of the liberal church was given by Rev. J. Mulholland of Iowa Falls. The paper was discussed by Mr. Horace M. Ferrin and others. From three to five the time was given to consideration of the Sunday School. An adddress by Rev. A. W. Gould, President of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, on "The Needs of our Western Sunday Schools," brought out much valuable discussion as to methods. Better trained teachers seems to be an imperative demand everywhere. Wednesday evening a banquet was given by the ladies of the Decorah society, the proceeds of which went to the fund for the Hunting Memorial Church at Iowa City.

Thursday forenoon was occupied with reports from churches and reports of committees. The reports from the churches were for the most part encouraging. Rev. Charles Graves has left the conference. But for this one loss to the state three have been added to the list of ministers. These are, Rev. Oscar Clute who has taken up the work at Des Moines, Rev. J. Mulholland of the Independent Church at Iowa Falls which has joined the conference, and Rev. E. M. G. Hodgin who has taken Mr. Graves' place at Humboldt. There is an immediate demand for at least three more able ministers in the state if the work already begun is to be continued. Mr. Gould seems to have summed up the truth of the situation when in discussing the question of ministers he said, "The mediocre man will fail every time, no matter how good his intentions are."

The devotional meeting at twelve o'clock was led by Rev. James Gorton of Sanborn. In the afternoon a paper was read by Mrs. Jesse Marsh on "Church Music." Much helpful discussion was brought out by the paper. The remainder of the afternoon was occupied by the election of officers and the transaction of other business. It was determined that the work begun last year of establishing a Hunting Memorial Church building at Iowa City should be carried out, and a considerable amount of money was pledged for that purpose.

The last evening was given to a platform meeting on the general subject, "Why do not Men go to Church?" The meeting was participated in by Rev. Oscar Clute, Rev. J. Imlay, Rev. A. M. Judy, Rev. Elinor E. Gordon and Rev. James Gorton.

One of the most commendable features of the conference was the Wednesday evening banquet. This was a feast for the mind and heart as well as for the body. The inspiring speeches full of wit and wisdom and the social good time that followed was an excellent interlude to the continuous routine of business and discussion that occupied every one's attention the rest of the time from nine o'clock in the morning till ten in the evening.

Another feature of the conference was the presence of Rev. S. M. Crothers of Cambridge, Mass., who represented the A. U. A., and who gave the conference the benefit of his inspiring word at various times.

On the whole the work of the conference was very satisfactory, and delegates and ministers returned to their work in various parts of the state, feeling that liberal religion is becoming more firmly established year by year in this the gem of the agricultural states.

E. M. G. H.

KALAMAZOO.—We are glad to quote the following from the *Daily Telegraph* of this city. We welcome Mr. Carr to the interesting and responsible position as minister of the People's Church of Kalamazoo. He enters upon a large task and confronts one of the most tempting and generous possibillities we know of. We congratulate the minister and people and our associate Mrs. Crane, that the place she has been compelled to vacate on account of health has been filled so much to her liking.

"The People's Church has called as pastor the Rev. E. E. Carr of Danville, Ill. Mr. Carr was for ten years a minister in the Methodist Episcopal church, where he rendered valuable services and was greatly esteemed by his fellow ministers; but a gradual growth away from the doctrines of the Methodist church led him last spring to sever his connection with it. During the summer he had the management of a Chautauqua assembly at Danville, Ill., and preached from a liberal pulpit for the first time in the People's churchof this city, whither he was called on trial two weeks ago. His personality and power as a preacher were so pleasing and acceptable to the members of the church that he has been called to fill its pulpit, beginning with Nov. 1. Mr. Carr's family consists of a wife and four children, who will move soon to this city to reside. He is a young man being only 32 years of age, and the committee feel that they have been fortunate in securing his services.

"A representative of the *Telegraph* inquired of the Rev. Caroline Barlett Crane her opinion of the choice of the Rev. Mr. Carr as her successor. Mrs. Bartlett Crane said: "I am exceedingly pleased with the selection of Mr. Carr as minister of the People's church. He is a man of fine abilities and of a character to inspire the respect and love of the people. He has absolutely none of the bitterness against the old theology which sometimes characterizes recent converts to liberal re.liglion. He is a man of evident piety and broad charitableness. And he is an interesting, inspiring preacher. I am very glad to have him for my successor."

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—The Independent Congregational Church under the successsul leadership of its pastor, S. J. Stewart, has just wiped off a floating debt of two thousand dollars, and a thousand dollars more has been raised to renovate the church which is one of the interesting landmarks in the intellectual and spiritual historv of Battle Creek.

Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Rev. A. W. Gould paused long enough jn his tour of local conferences to preside at the monthly meeting of the directors on November 1st. Mrs. Perkins, Miss Hintermeister, Miss Stafford, Miss Lord, Mr. Kendall and Mr. Schieble were also present. The treasurer reported an urgent need of funds for reprinting several series of lesson-helps which are now out of print, and expressed the hope that friendly schools and individuals would send at least a part of their yearly offering by the middle of November.

It was voted to print another thousand copies of Newton M. Mann's pamphlet of eighteen lessons called "Studies of Jesus," also as new edition of Mr. Gannett's "In the Home." Then Mr. Scheible was asked to correspond with Mrs. Sunderland of Oakland regarding any

changes or additions that she would like to have made in her lesson-pamphlet on "Heroes and Heroism."

Attention was also called to the steadily waning stock of the set of illustrated cards called "In the Home." The directors felt that a new edition with half-tone pictures and somewhat different poetical selections would fill a still greater want than the present series, and that it might be well to have the topics match those in Mr. Gannett's "In the Home." Miss Lord as secretary of the board was therefore asked to communicate with Mr. Gannett and to get from him such hints and material as he may have to offer for the new series of cards.

Mr. Gould having spoken of the prospects for a new Sunday School monthly to be published at Chicago, it was voted that any spare time of the society's clerk be tendered to the publishers of such a paper. The meeting then adjourned.

ALBERT S.

The Illinois Unitarian State Conference.

The twenty-fourth conference of Unitarian and Independent societies was held at Geneseo, Nov. 2 to 3. The clear skies and warm sunshine were most grateful after the long period of rainy weather, and helped not a little in the general enjoyment. The Conference opened Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Elliott of Hinsdale in the chair, with an address by Mr. Judy on "The Teachers' Meeting." Mr. Judy treated his theme *con amore*, with his own earnestness. His own work in Davenport in a Sunday school numbering about two hundred and fifty is the best demonstration of his views and methods. Mrs. Gould and Mrs. Dimmick of Quincy, led the discussion. In the evening Mr. Backus of Streator preached from the text "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Life is a conflict between material and spiritual interests. Cæsar has his just claim upon us, God the higher claim, and that life is most successful and happy which exemplifies God in Cæsar, eternity in to-day. Thursday morning was taken up with a business session and reports from the churches. Sixteen ministers were present but the lay delegates were very few. Mr. Gehauer read an essay on "The Ethics of War" in the afternoon, making a sharp and spirited appeal for the higher ethics of peace. Mr. Fenn gave us a highly intellectual treat on two occasions, in a talk on "Immortality in the light of Modern Psychology," and in an opening address on "the Apotheosis of the Human." At the platform meeting in the evening in a symposium on "A New Platform in Religion," Mr. Elliott presided in happy fashion. Mr. Mueller of Bloomington, was the second speaker and gave a thoughtful paper on "The New Inspiration and Aspiration." Mr. Southworth followed in an excellent short address on "Meliorism," and Mrs. Woolley closed the discussion under "the Seal of Rational Expectations." Mr. Horner conducted a noonday devotional meeting and Miss Hultin a vesper service. The working outcome of the Conference was seen in a resolution to the effect that more definite missionary work be engaged in another year, and that the Missionary committee be empowered to look over the field and select some place where the local activities were strongest for help of this kind. Mr. Backus was elected president, Mr. Southworth secretary and Mr. Miller treasurer. The Missionary commmittee consists of Mr. Backus, Mr. Fenn and Mr. Gebauer. The hospitality of the Geneseo people under the lead of those loved veterans in the faith Mr. and Mrs. Miller, was delightful and will be long remembered.

C. P. W.

Books Received.

FROM G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

The Adventures of Captain Bonneville. By Washington Irving. Illustrated. Pawnee Edition. 2 vols.

Principles and Methods of Literary Criticism. By Lorenzo Sears. Lit D. $1.25.

Jewish Religious Life After the Exile. By The Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M. A., D. D. $1.50.

One of the Pilgrims. A Bank Story. Anna Fuller. $1.25.

FROM T. Y. CROWELL & Co., New York:

New Forms of Christian Education. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

Luxury and Sacrifice. By Charles F. Dole. $0.35.

By the Still Waters; A Meditation on the Twenty-third Psalm. $.60.

Manual of The History of French Literature. Ferdinand Brunetiere. $2.00

A General History of the World. By Victor Duruy. Translated by Edwin A. Grosvener. $2.00.

FROM THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

The Rise and Growth of American Politics; A Sketch of Constitutional Development. By Henry Jones Ford. $1.50.

The Divine Drama; The Manifestation of God in the Universe. By Granville Ross Pike.

Paul, the Man, the Missionary and the Teacher. By Orello Cone, D. D. $2.00.

The Sacrifice of Christ. By Henry Wace, D. D. $.50.

FROM HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston:

Looking Backward. By Edward Bellamy, with an introduction by Sylvester Baxter. Memorial Edition. $1.00.

Founder's Day at Hampton. An Address in Memory of Samuel Chapman Armstrong by Francis Greenwood Peabody.

FROM HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

Labor Copartnerships. By Henry Demarest Lloyd.

Early Letters of George Wm. Curtis to John S. Dwight, Brook Farm and Concord. Edited by George Willis Cooke.

FROM CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The Prayer Book and the Christian Life. By Charles C. Tiffany, D. D. $1.25.

War Memories of an Army Chaplain. By H. Clay Trumbull. $2.00.

FROM THE WERNER SCHOOL BOOK CO., Chicago:

Studies in Education, Science, Art, History. By B. A. Hinsdale.

Hegel's Educational Ideas. By Wm. M. Bryant, M. A., L.L. D.

Four American Patriots. By Alma Holman Burton.

The Werner Grammar School Geography. By H. S. Tarbell.

Four Great Americans. By James Baldwin, Ph. D.

FROM THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., Chicago.:

The Gospel According to Darwin. By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D. $1.50.

FROM GINN & COMPANY, Boston:

The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph. D.

FROM JAMES H. WEST, PUBLISHER, Boston:

The Teachings of Jesus. Extracted from the Four Gospels and arranged by Jean DuBuy, Ph. D., J. N. D. $.50.

FROM J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING CO.

Lights and Shadows of the War with Spain. Written and compiled by John R. Musick. Paper.

HERMETIC PUB. CO., Chicago:

Her Bungalow; An Atlantian Memory. By Nancy McKay Gordon. Cloth, $1.25.

PAMPHLETS.

Proceedings of the Twenty-first Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association, Boston.

A Preliminary Study of The Pueblo of Taos, New Mexico. By Newton Leland Miller. University of Chicago.

A Generation of Cornell—1868-1898.

Municipal History and Present Organization of Chicago. By Samuel Edwin Sparling, Ph. D. University of Chicago.

Opposites of the Universe; second part. By Mamil Sands. Peter Eclsler, Publisher.

Bob Son of Battle. By Alfred Ollivant. $.25. Doubleday & McClure, New York.

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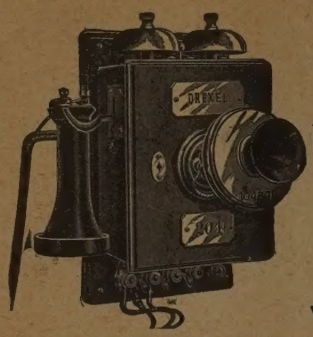

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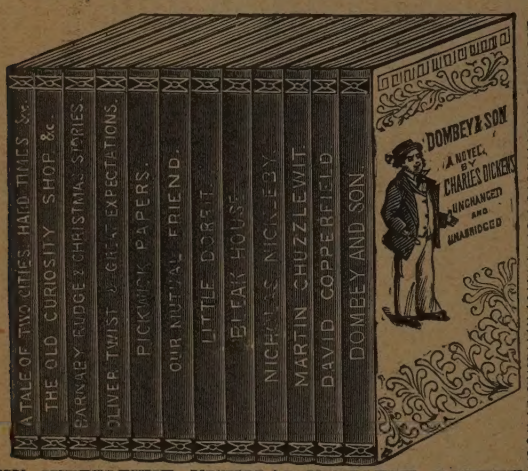

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